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THE YAMHILLS

—AN—

Indian Romance

by
Jacob C. Cooper
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ILLUSTRATED WITH
SKETCHES BY FRED G. COOPER

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TO MY
GOOD WIFE AND HER BROTHER,
PROF. W. J. SPILLMAN,
FOR ENCOURAGEMENT AND HELP.

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PREFACE.

Some people fail to see anything but savage cruelty and degradation in the American Indian. Others can see back to the time when our own ancestors were mere savages, and can see the finer human instincts in the earliest developments of the race. I have hunted for the better part in the Indian, and the struggles and trails of savage life are told as I have seen them.

Many of the myths and rites of Indians are ephemeral, and were changed at the whim of the leader. The legends, although claimed to be handed down through generations, were often colored by the imagination to suit the fancy of the narrator. Some of the incidents related in this story may be of historic interest. The grave of Hassiwa, in the foot hills northwest of McMinnville, is that of a noted Indian scout and warrior. The legend of the haunted Harrison Lake, near Broadmeads, is familiar to the settlers in that vicinity. The battlefield of Tonvolieu, one half mile north of the lake, is yet in evidence, as the skulls, bones and battle axes are turned to the surface every year by the farmer who owns the land where it is located. The Indian language sometimes quoted to emphasize certain passages, although used in the jargon of the earlier settlers and trappers, is pure Indian dialect. See Smithsonian Miscel. Col. No. 161. 1863.

McMinnville, Oregon, January 16, 1904.

THE AUTHOR.

THE YAMHILLS

—AN—

INDIAN ROMANCE

CHAPTER I.

Home of Hassiwa.

Hassiwa unstrung his bow. His young and faithful companion, Thera, was dressing the deer that had been killed by his arrow. They were near the center of a beautiful valley, with miles of waving grass and flowers, and an occasional cluster of ash and maple trees along the streams. Here and there rose a tall fir among the other trees. There was an abundance of game everywhere—grouse, pheasants, quail, ducks, geese, deer, elk and bear.

Hassiwa noticed that the birds and animals paid little attention to him. They merely stepped out of his way, or flew a short distance and alighted with a vexed chatter at being disturbed. The deer were easily killed by the most primitive weapons. He saw the extensive fields, blue with the flowers of the succulent camas, and observed that the ground was mellow and soft for digging. The wapato was abundant in the swales.

The swarthy hunter looked around over the scene and remarked:

"Klose illahee." (Good country.)

"Nawitka," (Yes,) replied the woman.

"Nika mitlite," (I stay,) concluded Hassiwa.

The locality was indeed inviting, and the decision to tarry here was natural. The country was a vast storehouse, filled with abundant supplies for all the wants of the red man. It was a new field untouched.

When Hassiwa made up his simple mind that it was good enough in which to "mitlite," Thera understood that he would not return to his former tribal relations beyond the southern mountains, and she merely gave a grunt of assent.

Hassiwa was a wealthy old warrior of the tribe of the Umpquas, who had become tired of war.

He had bought Thera, and the entire Yamhill country, for the purpose of spending his remaining years in peace and comfort. This was long before the Oregon country was known to white men.

The place selected for the new home was on the north bank of the South Yamhill river, about seven miles above where the city of McMinnville now stands. Here they slept the summer months away; making occasional trips to the coast mountains, a few miles distant for cedar bark to build their hut, and to

the coast, fifty miles away, for shell fish.

Thera provided the camas and wapato, and dressed and dried the meat and fish. In the springtime a wee dusky maiden came to them, and they called her Shanseppe. Thera's toil was not great. She was industrious, and was glad to have this added care. The little one was company in the journeys to the mountains and the camas fields. She was a welcome addition to the rude bark tent. Shanseppe added no burdens to the shoulders of Hassiwa, and he was content to have Thera enjoy the little one's presence.

The moons went by until they left a few short years behind. Another little dusky maiden came to the habitation of Hassiwa and Thera, and Thera called the little one Tlynpe.

She was pleased to give two such lovely daughters toward the founding of the tribe of Hassiwa. But Hassiwa was not pleased. His dominion was all of the beautiful valley of the Yamhill. He desired a son worthy of himself to succeed him, and raise up a people great among the tribes of the West.

Hassiwa was growing old; and in a pouting mood he left the Indian woman and her two pappooses, and buried himself in the gloomy mountain forests for one whole moon. When he returned, he placed an embargo on the addition of any more females to the family tree, in this emphatic language:

“Nika wake tika tenas klootchmen.” (I no want little girls.)

Thera understood, but she kept her two daughters who grew to be sprightly maidens. She taught them habits of industry and their hands to do cunning work. They made pretty clothing of the skins of animals, and ornamented their comely persons with the pretty shells and brilliant pebbles from the ocean beach. They were gentle and lovely, and made playmates of the little fawns and birds, whose voices they learned to imitate. Their mother told them of the noble braves that would come that way some day and take them to their own homes.



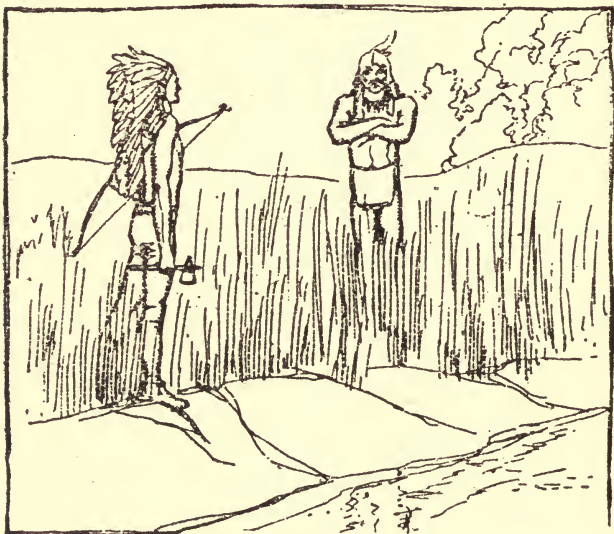
But the two maidens loved their native land. They besought their mother to keep them in their own country, and not separate them, as they loved each other dearly. Thera was gifted with feminine tact; when Shanseppi and Tlynpe were fully grown, she dressed them in their most attractive costumes and put on them the prettiest crude

ornaments that her cunning hand could devise, and set them to attend the wants of Hassiwa. He watched the movements of the maidens for a time, and closely observed their coming and going. Then he went away into the mountain forest alone, but he returned when the half moon was rising.

No Indian had visited the hut of Hassiwa in all the years of his sojourn in that country. His native tribe was in the land of the Umpquas. He clad himself for a journey to his native valley. Then he pondered some days. It is the Indian custom, when traveling on a peaceful expedition, to take the family and the necessary household goods. He was afraid that if he took his daughters with him they might be appropriated by some of his former people or the intervening tribes. If he went alone, it could not be done with becoming dignity. His old friends might have forgotten him and would distrust his mission. He wanted some noble young braves to see his hunting grounds and his daughters.

One day while Hassiwa was pondering over what course he should pursue, an Indian appeared suddenly at his hut. He came with the accustomed stealth of a scout on the war-path, and Hassiwa did not see the man until he was within a few feet of him. He was in war paint, and well armed. He held a stone hatchet in his hand, ready for action if necessary. Hassiwa's Indian diplomacy of long

ago came back to him at once. He looked over the new comer without showing the least sign of anxiety. The two gazed until they had taken each other's measure. They found out all that it was possible to learn without speaking. Then Hassiwa asked the simple question:



“Ikta Mika tika?” (What you want?)

The new arrival replied to this question with caution, and he watched the effects of his words as he spoke.

“I am Nevyo,” he said. “I am a courier from chief Niandi, whose people are at war. The Kalapooas and the eastern tribes are at war with the tribes along the coast.”

"Where is the bow of Niandi?" asked Hassiwa.

"It is with the coast people, and I seek allies," he replied, looking straight into the face of the old warrior.

"Klose," (Good.) replied Hassiwa.

This amounted to declaring an alliance, and Nevyo hung his stone hatchet to his belt. He was a daring runner, and had been selected for the mission of arousing and uniting the coast tribes as quickly as possible. He had visited the tribes to the south, and was now on his way north to the Killamooks, Tlatsops, Chinooks, Twalitas, Multnomahs, and all other tribes south of the Columbia river.

As Nevyo came over the foot hills to the south west, he saw the smoke of Hassiwa's campfire, and decided to investigate. He was active and well formed for a coast Indian, but his face was uninviting; when Thera gave him food, she decided that he was not the kind of man she wanted to carry away her daughters, and she was glad that they were absent. They were down on the river bank at play, some distance below the hut. Nevyo had crossed above.

As Nevyo came over the foot hills to the southwest of Hassiwa's hut two Indians saw him from the low hills to the southeast toward the Willamette. They were runners from the Kalapooas and the allied eastern tribes. They were on the way north to secure an alliance

with the Klikitats and other Indians from east of the Cascade mountains, who had invaded the Willamette valley, and were coming down the Molalla.

They ventured to the west to look for scouts from the coast tribes. About the time they saw Nevyo, far to the west, they also saw the smoke rising from the peaceful campfire of Hassiwa. They were swift runners, and they started to intercept Nevyo before he reached the hut. But he too was swift, and their greater distance gave him the advantage.

They reached the bank of the river some distance below the hut and crept cautiously up stream to the west, through the tangled bushes. When about two hundred yards below it, they saw two maidens at play on the opposite bank. Keeping closely under cover, they followed the bank of the river until they came opposite.

Shanseppi and Tlynpe, in their play had constructed a tiny tepee of the boughs of yew, and twined some honeysuckle vines and flowers about it, and were watching two butterflies hovering near it. They were standing one on each side and looking down at the brilliantly plumed insects. An arrow struck near the feet of each, and to each arrow was attached a small cluster of syringa flowers.

The maidens were greatly astonished. They stood as if transfixed for a moment; had it not been for the flowers they would have run

home as fast as their nimble feet could carry them. But the stolid Indian instinct came to their aid. Without moving, they looked at the arrows, across the stream, at each other, then down at the arrows again.

They were filled with wonder. Their instinct and teachings told them these arrows were weapons of war, powerful and death dealing. But with flowers attached, they had a different meaning.

While they were wondering at the apparition, the two scouts stepped into full view on the opposite bank. They were in war costume and were fine specimens of young Indian manhood. The sisters were not more astonished at this, because the two silent messengers at their feet had told them strangers were near, and that no harm was meant.

The young warriors looked with admiration across the stream at the pretty maidens on the opposite bank. They had never seen more lovely beings among all the tribes they had ever visited. They wanted to cross over, but the stream was deep and turbulent. They also feared that the maidens would fly like frightened fawns should they undertake to swim across.

The two sisters looked at the young braves not more than a hundred feet away, first with wonder mixed with fright, then with admiration at the bronze bodies and limbs of the stalwart warriors.

They all stood like statues for some minutes, when one of the braves spoke in the Indian jargon common to all the tribes of that region.

"I am Tocus of the tribe of the Kalapooas. The maidens across the water are more beautiful than any I have ever seen."

"I am Ralbo," said the other warrior. I came from beyond the snow mountains. Balmaconn is my chief. The angry waters separate us from the Indian maidens, who have forms more lovely than the swan and eyes more beautiful than the stars of night."

The wooing voice of the warriors was pleasant, and the maidens in a measure understood what they said, and were pleased. It awakened a new sensation. The maidens approached each other, each twining an arm around the other, as they faced across the stream towards the young braves. They knew that a reply to the introduction and compliments would be proper. Their hearts were fluttering as Shanseppi replied:

"I am Shanseppi, and this is Tlynpe, my sister. We have lived at the tepee yonder all our lives. We never saw warriors before."

The sisters looked at each other and Tlynpe added:

"You are welcome to our home, the home of Hassiwa and Thera, our father and mother, who were of the tribe of the Umpquas."

"Nay," replied Tocus. "Our people are

at war with the people of Niandi and the Umpquas. Already is their messenger at the home of Hassiwa, to join him against us."

Then Ralbo continued:

"Take those arrows at your feet, and your bows that lie unstrung by your little play house; string your bows and send the arrows at us with your anger, or take them and tell the messenger of Niandi that those arrows shall forever be as sentrys standing between him and you."

The maidens were perplexed. It was plain that the young braves had found favor in their eyes. But they stood irresolute. Ralbo spoke again.

"We hurry. The winds of war blow over the land of Hassiwa, but when the suns are as the fingers of this hand, and is setting, we will return to the beautiful maidens that we love, by the banks of the river."

The council of war was held in abeyance until the council of love was over. Though the council was short, it was interesting and effective, and the victory was with Cupid. His honey tipped arrows went straight to the hearts of his victims, and they died to the past. The young warriors turned to go on their mission. When they looked back they saw the maidens at the waters edge, each still with an arm twined around the other and the arrows crossed above their heads. It was a pretty sight—a sight to stir men to action



and to deeds of daring. The warriors understood. They waved a fond adieu and disappeared in the thicket.

The young warriors were not mistaken in their estimate of the beauty of the Indian maidens. They had been reared in comparative luxury, and were unaccustomed to the

heavy drudgery and burdens common to the lot of ordinary Indian women. Shanseppi was trim, active and well formed, and so swift on foot that her pet fawn found it necessary to run with great speed to keep pace with her, and often panted with fatigue when its dusky mistress quit the race. Her sister Tlynpe was of similar form, and although larger and more enduring, was not so fleet-footed as the pretty Shanseppi.

The mother, like most mothers, had borne the burden of the little family, and permitted the daughters to live the free outdoor life they loved. They became expert with the bow and arrow, and often took long tramps in hunting and fishing.

The young warriors had come into their lives so abruptly and had disappeared so suddenly, that they were bewildered. They looked at the arrows with wondering interest. They were love tokens. They tried them with their hands, then tried to place them in their light hunting bows, but they were far too heavy. They hurried home to show them to their mother.

They came round the corner of the hut as Nevyo was preparing to go. They darted back when they saw him, but it was too late. He had seen them and the arrows. His quick eye even detected the little bunches of flowers on the arrows, not yet wilted.

Nevyo was cunning and crafty, and guessed

the situation. He was astonished at the great beauty of the young women, but he guessed this was the reason that the arrows of the enemy carried the love token. He saw that these tokens were received with favor. Their conduct told plainly that he guessed aright.

He was displeased and a scowl came over his hard face, but only for an instant. He felt his tomahawk at his belt, to see if it was there. He looked at Hassiwa and Thera, then turned and started to the northwest at a brisk pace. Thera noticed the scowl on Nevyo's countenance, and was troubled. She knew that look boded evil. The little home on the banks of the Yamhill was now full of excitement and interest. Ralbo had said the war winds were rising to obscure a long and sunny peace.

When the sisters retired that night they could not sleep. They whispered to each other, again and again about the meeting at the river. They could think of nothing else. The noble young warriors were more wonderful than any their mother had ever told them of. They were grand. And they would return. Their beautiful native valley would never be so beautiful again without Ralbo and his companion.

When they did sleep there were many love pictures in their simple dreams.

When Nevyo left the hut of Hassiwa he believed that the old hunter had deceived him,

and he determined to return and be revenged as soon as possible. He would show him that two could play at the game of treachery. As these thoughts rankled in his bosom he increased his speed.

He was sure that the scouts who gave the arrows to the maidens would return, and he determined, if possible, to foil their designs. He bore to the west to avoid contact with them, and climbed up the foot hills into the green fir timber. He believed they were running north on a mission similar to his own. This thought spurred him to the limit of both speed and endurance.

He reached the summit of the coast mountains in the vicinity of the head waters of the Big Nestukka. In the dense shade of the giant firs it was cool and pleasant, and he took deep draughts of the balsam-laden air into his powerful lungs.

He kept to the ridges as much as possible, where the timber was dense and there was less undergrowth. The immense trees were from three to eight feet in diameter and more than one hundred feet to the lower branches. More than thirty miles of this magnificent forest must be traversed before reaching the lowland along the coast. It had been growing for many centuries untouched.

The ridges were striped with numerous game trails, and Nevyo ran along these in a swinging trot. Indian trails penetrated the moun-

tains in a few places, and occasionally crossed the entire range. They were often left untraveled for many years, but the slow growth of the vegetation under the great trees did not obliterate them readily.

There were numerous small rivulets of the coolest and most delicious water, and the runner never suffered from thirst. When he reached the last ridge of the range, he came to a well traveled trail. It was growing late in the afternoon and he hurried down the slope.

When he came to the level land of the Killamook valley he found an open prairie, at the farther side of which he saw the campfires and village of the Killamooks.

The appearance of a strange Indian in war paint brought out the inhabitants, who stood about Nevyo, wondering and gazing with inquisitive eyes. No one spoke until old Palmin, the tyee of the tribe, appeared. This village looked comparatively neat and orderly, and the people clean and healthy.

He was offered food before he was required to make known his mission. Friend or enemy, the accustomed hospitality was not withheld. But Nevyo's mission was urgent; he said:

"I will not eat of your food until I know whether you are friend or enemy." Palmin stepped out and faced the war messenger, as a signal for him to make known his mission, which he did with all the force and eloquence he

possessed.

"I am Nevyo, of the tribe of Niandi," he began. "Who have common cause with you against the hunting dogs of the east. They come over the snow mountains to steal our fish and game, and to kill the coast people and burn their villages. They come toward the Umpqua and Yacona countries, and our warriors are banding together to drive them back."

He then gave details of skirmishes between scouting parties, and told of his suspicions concerning the arrows he saw in the possession of the beautiful daughters of Hassiwa in the Yamhill country. He told the tyee that probably the feet of the invaders were already within the hunting grounds of the Killamooks.

The invasion, in reality, was by a band of trading Indians made up of several eastern tribes. The Kalapooas, Klamaths, Malheurs, and a few from as far east as the Chopponnish, Nez Perce (Pierced Nose) Nation. The food supply of all that eastern region was short on account of drouth and the scarcity of game. Expeditions had been sent in several directions to get food supplies for their starving people, with the customary intention in such cases to get it peaceably if they could, but forcibly if they must.

The desperate and determined character of the expedition going toward the Umpqua and Yacona countries had alarmed the coast tribes

of that section, and they had sent runners urging a general campaign against the invaders. This was Nevyo's mission, and he urged the tyee to join them with all possible speed to drive back the "tipso dogs." (bunch grass dogs.) Then in token of the sincerity of his mission he handed his bow to the chief saying:

"Take my bow and drive me away hungry if I speak lies."

The chief took the bow and called a council of the leading men of the village. Runners were also sent to the two other villages in the valley to notify them of the arrival and object of the war messenger, and to call a general council of the leading men of the tribe.

The bow was returned to Nevyo within an hour, by the hand of the only son of the chief tyee of the Killamook nation, a young man of great promise, named South Wind because of his great speed and endurance. He was of athletic build, but was so young that no battle scalps graced his belt. He was bold in the chase, and more than one mountain lion's skin hung on the walls of his hut. He was a great favorite with the entire tribe, and they looked forward with pleasure to the time when he would become chief tyee; partly because of his great popularity, and partly because his father, Palmin, somewhat of a martinet, and required too many war drills of his braves.

When Nevyo's bow was returned to him he understood that his mission was looked upon

with favor, and he ate and slept.

All that night the Killamooks discussed the situation. They were considered among the best warriors of the coast. Their oldest tradition did not tell when their country had been successfully invaded by a hostile tribe.

Their beautiful valley was well protected by rugged mountains heavily timbered on three sides, and the foolhardy invaders who undertook to cross them usually left many dead, and many prisoners who were made slaves. Sometimes the number of slaves held by the tribe equaled the number of warriors. At times they had made raids on the eastern tribes to obtain wives for their slaves, either by purchase or capture.

The next morning Nevyo was informed that the Killamooks would join the coast allies with about two hundred picked men. Young South Wind was sent with him to the village of the Tlatsops and Chinooks, near the mouth of the great river to the north, and another runner was sent to the Multnomahs and Twali-tas.

The two men crossed the Nehalem river in a canoe kept by a small band of fishermen at that place, and ran north along the beach.

They found the Tlatsop tyee at Necotat, (Seaside) a village near the beach, a few miles north of Nekani mountain (since called "Carnie" mountain by the whites). The old tyee was harder to arouse than the tyee of the

Killamooks. However he called a council of the leading braves of the village.

While the council was in session, a runner came from the north. He had come down the Columbia to tell of the invasion in the Molalla country near the great falls of the Willamette, by the Klikitats and Yakimas. This confirmed the suspicions of Nevyo, and decided the council in his favor. The Tlatsops decided to send one hundred men to the south at once.

It was thought best to keep a good force at home to guard against a possible invasion down the Columbia.

After rest, sleep and food, Nevyo and his companion turned their faces to the south. His mission over, Nevyo's thoughts now turned to the home of Hassiwa. He would be revenged on the old traitor. [He ground his teeth together and muttered in anger, as he left the Tlatsop country.

But what played on his feelings with more violence than all else was the constant vision before his mind of the two beautiful daughters of the lone old hunter who was all innocent of the cause of Nevyo's suspicions concerning the arrow. He determined to carry away Hassiwa's daughters either as slaves, or sell them to the tyees in his own country. Their beauty, he thought, would bring him a great price, and possibly establish him as tyee among his people.

The thought of the probable return of the eastern scouts to carry them away, or defy him in his schemes, rankled in his bosom and lent wings to his feet, and he flew over the hard sands of the beach with all his energy.

In his wild flight he would mutter imprecations on those who should attempt to foil him in his determination. He gathered hatred toward Hassiwa and the scouts. South Wind saw his wrath, and wondered that his speed was increased rather than diminished, now that his mission was over.

So long did Nevyo run, and so long were the periods of his flight continued, that even his swift-footed companion panted with fatigue.

“What angers the heart of Nevyo?” he asked as they sat panting on the banks of the Nehalem, waiting for the canoe to cross them over.

Nevyo was restless and reserved but his companion’s question put an idea into his mind. He would enlist him in his plot. He looked over the young tyee with keen scrutiny; then looked straightway into his face for some seconds.

South Wind returned the look; Nevyo was convinced that the young man would do for any undertaking, however dangerous.

He stood up, told of his experience at the house of Hassiwa, and dwelt with emphasis on the beautiful maidens with the arrows of the

invaders. He saw that the young man was interested; then with the tact of a diplomat, he made the proposition to enlist him in the capture of the maidens.

The young tyee was keen for adventure, and he agreed to the proposition, provided he could be with the braves of his tribe in their battles with the enemy. There were no scalps to his belt, and his glory was not complete.



Nevyo and South Wind.

"Scalps will be as plentiful as the lillies before the moon dies in the sun," assured Nevyo.

At the Killamook village, preparation for the departure of the warriors was made as rapidly as possible. In addition to the stone

tomahawks, they each carried a powerful lance nearly six feet in length. The shaft of the lance was made of arrow wood, very dense and rigid, and pointed with a spear head made of chalcedony, onyx or other flint-like stone. Some were pointed with beautiful agate, containing rare markings of moss.

The spear of young South Wind was pointed with a brilliant agate that reflected the rays of light like a diamond or an opal. What appeared to be a small tiger beetle was embedded in the heaviest part of the stone, and the dazzling reflections seemed to diverge from the insect. The implement was regarded with superstitious awe by the tribe. The young prince had found the stone, when a mere lad, where it had been cast upon the beach after a great storm, and its owner was supposed to possess a charmed life.

It was with some misgivings that his father, Palmin, permitted him to go ahead of the little army with Nevyo.

CHAPTER II.

The Capture.

Shanseppi and Tlynpe went daily to the riverside to play and to talk of their adventure. Just before sunset they would twine their arms around each other and go down to the water's edge and cross the arrows above their heads; then they would peer into the thicket across the river where Ralbo and Tocus had disappeared.

This was all they knew of love, and it thrilled their hearts as nothing else had done. Their play was simple and their entire life had been the same. They did not know how to play at war as the Indian boys do.

They set up a straight stick of syringa by their tiny teyee, and each evening, when the sun had set, they tied a small bunch of syringa flowers to it, each cluster a few inches above the last, and then went home.

It was late in the afternoon of the fifth day. Four tiny tufts of flowers were attached to the little pole, each more fresh than the one below it. It told a simple but faithful story of the waiting and watching. The maidens were there with the fifth bunch of flowers. One hour more and the sun would hide behind the mountain tops. Ralbo and Tocus had promised to return at sunset on the fifth day.

The maidens were ornamented and dressed in the most becoming manner. Their black eyes sparkled, and their hearts beat with expectation, and not a little excitement, as they looked frequently across the water. Even their stolid Indian nature could not hide their anxiety and impatience.

They twined their arms around each other as usual, to go to the water's edge and cross the arrows above their heads. Suddenly, from behind, a beaver skin cap was rudely drawn over the head and face of each, and their arms were quickly tied with their hands at their sides. They were hurried up the bank by strong arms and made to run along the trail that led up a ravine to the west.

The maidens thought of Ralbo and Tocus and held their peace, yet they could not understand why they should be taken away in this manner.

They ran, or were pulled rather, along in this way for a mile or more, when the hoods were removed from their faces, and they saw they were in the hands of men, one of whom made threatening gestures for them to keep their tongues still or he would cut them out.

They recognized him as the angry-faced Indian that saw them with the arrows, on the day they had met Ralbo and Tocus at the river. They were thoroughly frightened, but with the instincts of their race maintained their self-possession.

Their captors now hurried them toward the timber in the foothills with increased speed. Shanseppi in front, then South Wind and Tlynpe, while Nevyo urged them on from the rear.

While Thera was preparing the evening meal, Shanseppi's pet fawn came bounding up to the hut, showing signs of intense fright, and refused to be quieted.

"Coycte!" exclaimed the woman. Then she wondered why the fawn did not run to its young mistress. She went out some distance in the direction from which it came, when she discovered the two men running with her captive daughters. She ran back and notified Hassiwa.

The old hunter was sitting by the sunny side of his hut, watching the closing of the day, in deep meditation, wondering what stirring events might happen ere another moon should come and go. He felt that the war winds were rising and that his hitherto quiet home would inevitably be drawn into the gathering storm. He was thinking how he might avoid it.

The startling news brought by his wife thoroughly aroused him. He took his bow and heaviest arrows, and his long unused battle ax, and started in swift pursuit. The fire of his younger days, the days of war, came to him. As he ran, his long hair, heavily streaked with grey, streamed back in the wind. He bent nearly to the ground as he flew across



Hassiwa to the Rescue.

the prairie. He saw the fugitives nearing the timber, and the sinews stood out in his thighs like great cords; his aged-dimmed eyes gleamed with a fire rekindled.

Nevyo saw his pursuer and urged the prisoners forward with mutterings of anger and almost blows. South Wind protested against such headlong flight with the maidens and suggested that they stop and capture or dispatch the pursurer, who was gaining on them rapidly.

As they turned to defend themselves against Hassiwa a hissing arrow cut against the temple band of South Wind and an eagle feather fell from his plume.

The old man saw that the struggle would be to his disadvantage at close quarters, and he decided to use his arrows first.

He recognized Nevyo, the war messenger he had befriended, and to whom he had given food, and who had now returned like a viper to repay him by despoiling his home and stealing his daughters. His Indian nature burned for revenge, and he uttered a savage war whoop that rang out over the hills.

Nevyo saw that he had to deal with a mad lion, and he felt glad of the presence and assistance of South Wind. He was brave, but the rage of the old warrior was terrible, and he shuddered.

The arrows from the bow of Hassiwa cut near the face of his enemies with a deadly hiss. They saw his determination to force a fight at close quarters. Nevyo was panting from his long race up the mountain, and his first arrow went wide of its mark. The second cut through the flesh on the left side of Hassiwa, and the warm blood spurted from the wound; but it only increased his rage.

A heavy stone headed arrow made an ugly cut in the shoulder of Nevyo and remained in the wound. The two men now clutched their stone axes for a hand to hand encounter; at

the same time Nevyo tried to remove the arrow from his shoulder, but it was too deeply bedded, and his enemy was closing on him.

South Wind's love of fair play and the desire to help his accomplice played back and forth across his mind. The arrow embedded in Nevyo's shoulder and the overwhelming rage of Hassiwa decided him to help his friend. He took his axe from his belt, but Shanseppi threw herself against him with such violence that he staggered as he hurled it at her father. It missed its intended victim. The young man turned in anger as if to strike her with the uplifted lance, then thought how contemptible it would be to kill a defenseless woman.

The two antagonists were parrying rapidly at close quarters, Nevyo backing. A powerful blow from Hassiwa's weapon struck the uplifted ax of his enemy and the handle of the weapon broke, because of its great age. Instantly Nevyo's axe descended on the head of his now defenseless enemy, and Hassiwa fell senseless to the ground.

South Wind pulled the arrow from the shoulder of Nevyo and bound up the wound. The two men then hurried on toward the timber with their prisoners, whose piteous wails for a time could not be restrained.

When the two braves, Tocus and Ralbo, left the maidens standing on the opposite bank of the river, they started eastward toward the Willamette River, about fifteen miles away. They knew they were in the enemy's country, and they traveled with great caution. As they crossed the little wooded steams that emptied into the Yamhill from the south, they were on the lookout to guard against surprise.

They did not know that the valley of the Yamhill was uninhabited, with the exception of Hassiwa and his family. The numerous trails they found were game trails, and they looked with longing eyes on the abundance of game everywhere to be seen.

They crossed the Willamette and went toward the great snow mountain (Mt. Hood), which could be seen for many miles. They came to a scouting band of invaders, a detachment of the Klikitats, a few miles east of the great falls of the Willamette.

They found the main body on the Molalla River, which flows down from the Cascade Mountains a little to the south of Mt. Hood, and empties into the Willamette above the falls. They were composed of Klikitats, Yakimas and detachments of other tribes from east of the mountains.

Ralbo was a noted scout and warrior, and they were glad to see him. He was young, but his fame was well known among the east-

ern tribes. His legs and arms showed great power and endurance. He was not so fleet a runner as some, but he was usually in the lead at the end of a long journey. His arrival at the principal camp was greeted with murmurs of applause. His presence was taken as an omen of good.

Tocus was a young scout from the Kalapooas, and was unknown to this division of the invaders. He was well formed, active, and a swift runner, uncommonly brave and crafty, but with a savage face.

A council of the tyees was called, and Tocus and Ralbo related the progress of the southern expedition going toward the Umpqua and Yaconah countries. They told of the abundance of game in the Yamhill country. Ralbo drew a map of that country in the dust by the campfire. He also told of a low gap (Grand Ronde) in the mountains to the southwest of that section, and suggested that the coast could be reached in this direction with as little risk and resistance as any other place along the coast.

Canifen, one of the principal tyees of the expedition and an old companion of Ralbo, though ever crafty and avaricious, approved of the suggestion of the scouts, to cross the river into the Yamhill country and proceed to the coast if they did not get an abundance of supplies for the winter in that section.

The council decided on this route, and sent

Tocus and another scout to notify the southern expedition of the decision, and to urge them to unite with them in the valley of the Yamhill.

Tocus hesitated when he remembered the comely maidens on the riverside, and he told Ralbo of his unpleasant mission. They told Canifen of seeing the campfires by the river, and of the pledge to the maidens at the edge of the water. The cunning old tyee promised his assistance in looking out for their interests, and gave Tocus as a pledge a beautiful moss agate arrow head made by Vyterpo, an "e-li-te klootchman" (slave woman), in exchange for a heavy gold ornament picked up in the Kalapooa country, and rudely wrought in to the shape of a "tenas mus-mus" (young elk).

Canifen already possessed many slaves and an abundance of plunder, taken on the various expeditions of the tribes with which he had been associated. Ralbo knew of his avarice, but he still counted him as a friend. Canifen's ambition had not yet led him to that craftiness and treachery which later cost him his best friends.

The expedition crossed the Willamette at the shoals near the mouth of the Yamhill. It was late summer, and the water was so low that very little swimming was necessary. They used crafts to ferry over their luggage, which

they drew across by long rawhide ropes that spanned the stream.

When the expedition was safely across, Ralbo, in company with Canifen, and Grago-met, a faithful slave of Canifen, started for the home of Hassiwa. They crossed the river some distance below the hut, and crept along the bank to the place where they had last seen the beautiful daughters of Hassiwa.

They came to the playground as the sun touched the western mountains on the fifth day, as Ralbo had promised. They found the little tepee, but the maidens were not there. The four little tufts of syringa tied to the stick in different stages of decay, and the fifth bunch freshly plucked from the stem lying near by told the story to the heart of Ralbo. It was love and faithfulness, as old as the human race.

They saw the moccasin tracks of men and the evidence of a recent struggle. Ralbo suspected foul play; he was angry; and the anger of Ralbo was to be dreaded by those who had kindled his wrath.

Ralbo found the trail along which they had hurried an hour before, and he was now convinced that the maidens had been carried away as captives. He was more swift than his companions, and he was eager to follow the trail at his greatest speed and give battle to the captors single handed.

Canifen saw that Ralbo's heavy axe would be more likely to hinder his speed than the lighter one he carried, so he proposed an exchange, as a talisman, and as a pledge of friendship and a division of the spoils in this case. He had unlimited confidence in the daring and ability of Ralbo, who agreed to the exchange, which was quickly made. Canifen gave the heavy weapon of his friend into the keeping of his faithful slave, Gragomet.

Ralbo now followed the trail rapidly. There had been no effort to hide it. He thought that perhaps Tocus had betrayed him and had preceded him with his companion, and that they had carried away the maidens. But a close inspection of the tracks cleared Tocus of suspicion.

The tracks of the men showed the sewing in the moccasin of one to be finely wrought; the other was coarse, and showed much wear. Ralbo concluded that one of the abductors was a tyee. The tracks of the tyee were not so large as the other, yet they were much larger than the dainty tracks of the maidens, and showed the weight of a full grown man. Ralbo knew he would be compelled to cope with two, but he was anxious for the trial even though there were a dozen instead of two. The comely forms and bright eyes of the two maidens were impelling him on, and he was leaving his companions following far in the rear.

The tracks showed that the men were pushing the maidens in their great hurry. The sun had set, and Ralbo knew that he could not follow after dark; but there would be a long twilight, and he ran along the trail at the top of his speed.

When near the slope at the foot of the hill, the track of a third man could be seen in the trail. The tracks showed the man to be running at full speed. Was he pursuing the captors, or was he an accomplice? Now another woman's track is visible, but Ralbo does not slacken his speed.

On up the hill he runs as he did over the level prairie. He is nearing the timber and hears the wailing of a woman. He fixes his bow and runs ahead with more caution.

He finds the faithful Thera wailing over her fallen mate. She is covered with blood trying to caress him back to life. Ralbo brings some water from a brook near by and assists the woman in her efforts to restore Hassiwa to consciousness.

The old man opens his eyes and drinks of the water. Ralbo knows the story now, and it adds one more count to be settled with the fugitives when he overtakes them. He comforts the woman and does what he can to make Hassiwa comfortable.

The old warrior sees the strong, powerful limbs and chest of the new comer. He wishes he could possess such and come up with

the captors of his daughters. He recognizes Ralbo's mission and he almost forgets his pain. That noble face he has seen in his dreams as the companion of his daughters, and the chief of his people—tyee of the house of Hassiwa.

He bids Thera take his hand and join their own; then by a powerful effort, but with feeble voice, he makes a binding vow with Thera's concurrence, giving his family, his possessions, and all his dominions to Ralbo, and invokes the aid of the great spirit for the young man and the success of his mission.

The young warrior accepts the charge and makes ready to follow on the trail of the fugitives. He tells Thera of the coming of Canifen and his companion, friends who will defend and assist her.

Ralbo then started on the trail at a brisk run.

He had lost valuable time, but it was not yet dark, and the tall grass beaten down by the four persons was plainly visible for some distance. The full moon came out and the trail was still visible except where it went through the green timber.

Before Nevyo and South Wind reached the timber with their prisoners they saw Ralbo coming along their trail in pursuit. They did not know whether he was friend or enemy, but they did not want to take the risk of another encounter similar to that with the desperate Hassiwa.

The maidens also saw the pursuer and they guessed it was Ralbo, but they discreetly held their peace.

It was but a short distance through the first cluster of timber, and they hurried on up the mountain to the next. Then another cluster, and another, with narrow strips of prairie and patches of shrubbery between.

Thus they continued until the moon came out. Then they made occasional trips to the right or left to confuse their pursuer, whoever he might be, and warned their prisoners against leaving traces that might readily be seen. But the wily maidens left evidences of their flight whenever they could do so without attracting the attention of their captors.

They reached the great body of green timber about ten o'clock, through which they traveled three or four hours, and then stopped for sleep.

Nevyo was weary and weak from loss of blood and his long period of running.

The two men held a consultation. South Wind wanted to turn to the north and intercept the warriors coming from the Killamook country, but Nevyo wanted to reach the bands supposed to be coming from the south along the foothills of the coast mountains in the western part of the Willamette valley.

They were now nearly two thousand feet above the valley. From an open space they could see a mountain (Bald Mountain) still

higher up, to the west of them two or three miles. Nevyo proposed that they go there early in the morning and rest for the day. South Wind was silent, and Nevyo took the silence for consent.

The maidens were tied with rawhide thongs to two maple saplings near each other. They were tied so they could lie down. They appeared to be submissive, and there was no fear of their trying to escape.

The men lay down near their prisoners, and despite his pain, Nevyo soon slept from exhaustion.

South Wind could not sleep. He was a savage, but the horrors of war were new to him. The tragedy he had witnessed but a few hours before made an ugly impression on his mind. That was not his idea of valor and heroism, and he was not pleased with the part he was playing in this affair.

Something like a feeling of resentment toward Nevyo came into his heart because he had lured him into this adventure. Then the question came, what was he going to do about it? Could he get out of this with honor? Only for an instant came the thought that he might dispatch Nevyo with one blow of his axe and liberate the maidens. But this would be the act of a traitor, and there was not a drop of treacherous blood in his veins. The maidens played an important part in shaping his thoughts. Shanseppi was

the most beautiful of all the maidens he had ever seen. Even the daughters of the most noted tyee were not so lovely. The idea of carrying her away by force and making her his wife did not meet his newly awakened ideas of mating. He would prefer to liberate her by his prowess, and to win her love by his manhood. The distinguished position he held among his people seemed to him to make this the only honorable course. With these thoughts in his mind he slept.

The maidens were quiet, but the terrible experiences of the last few hours drove away all thought of sleep. Shanseppi thought of the noble young brave lying near, and how glad she would have been to have met him as she did the scouts at the river. But the part he had played in carrying her away by force, and in the murder of her father, filled her with resentment.

A small stone knife was in her belt at her side. She twisted her arm until she brought the rawhide thongs that tied her wrists in contact with the knife's edge. With slow and almost imperceptible movement, she rasped the thongs on the exposed edge until one wrist was free. With the free hand she took the knife and cut the thongs that held the other. She then reached over and began cutting the cords that held her sister's hands. When she had loosened one of them, there were faint streaks of daylight visible in the

northeast. Their hands met with gentle pressure and they were thrilled with the thoughts of liberty. Tlynpe then untied the thongs and released the other hand. Then she reached over and gave her sister's arm a firm pressure. Shanseppi understood by this that Tlynpe was ready for flight.

She turned her eyes as much as she could, to select the best route. She gave Tlynpe a sharp tap with her hand as she sprang up with a bound and ran toward the canon to the northwest. Her movements were so soft and cat-like that the men were not awakened.

She wondered why her sister did not follow. She stopped and listened, then crept quietly back, keeping behind an immense fir tree. She saw that Tlynpe's feet were also tied and she was untying them as fast and as deftly as possible.

Shanseppi's heart now beat with excitement as she watched the efforts of her sister. She was about to creep forward to help her, when Nevyo moved in his sleep, and the moan of a tired and wounded man escaped his lips.

South Wind opened his eyes. He was awake. He sat up and saw that one of the maidens was missing and the other with her hands untied. He bounded forward and caught Tlynpe's arm and called to Nevyo.

Shanseppi seeing that the men were aroused, and knowing that there was no chance of releasing her sister now, decided to keep in

hiding and await a favorable opportunity to approach by stealth; if this failed, she would seek the assistance of Ralbo.

All these thoughts passed through her mind in an instant. When the thought of Ralbo came she crept quickly away down toward the canon. Like a soft footed lynx she crept down through the thicket.

It was dismal and lonely, and sometimes she hesitated. Then she went on down like a shadowy spectre. She knew they would soon be on her trail, but she would make the most of the darkness.

The mountain side grew steeper as she neared the bottom of the great canon. A small stream ran down between the two mountain walls, and it was completely shut in by the dense growth of vine maple and willow along the sides, forming a tunnel over the stream. She followed down this tunnel for some distance, then stopped. She knew she would be followed through this and she did not know how far it was to the end where she could get out. Fearing she might be trapped, she retraced her steps with great caution to the point where she entered the tunnel, then climbed a young alder and, bending it over, caught into a maple growing several feet above and on the opposite side of the canon from where she entered the tunnel. Then into another maple that branched from the same roots, and then as far out as the limb

of this reached, she dropped to the ground and hurried up the side of the mountain.

The sun was now peering over the mountain tops, and she was getting into the broad light of day. She came out into an open space and looked over the range in front of her. She saw the high mountain to the southwest, where Nevyo had intended to take them. She also saw South Wind coming down the mountain following her trail. He hesitated occasionally, to make sure of the trail, and then hurried on. She waited anxiously to see whether he entered the tunnel of undergrowth and went down the canon. She stood on tiptoe and held her breath.

Shanseppi felt relieved when she saw him disappear under the overhanging bushes; but she knew that he would soon return and find her trail. She ran to the east a short distance and then turned to the northwest and followed along the top of a log for two hundred feet, stepping off on a ledge of broken basalt. Then she started to make a wide detour and reach the high mountain about nightfall. There, under cover of darkness, she would liberate her sister, if possible.

South Wind followed down the canon for some distance, watching cautiously for any opening where one might climb out. He soon found an opening, but there were no signs of exit, and all trace of the maiden had vanished. He was an expert on the trail but he

was puzzled here. He carefully retraced his steps to the entrance. After examining every possible avenue of escape, he concluded she must be secreted somewhere in the tunnel amongst the logs and undergrowth.

Before turning back into the canon he saw a small broken bough toward the top of the alder. With this clue, he saw how she had swung into the maple and reached the ledge of rocks several feet above him.

He saw now that he was pursuing an elusive being, full of cunning, which would require all his skill to capture. He was chagrined that he should be baffled by a "klootchman," but his admiration for Shanseppi was greatly increased, as also was his determination to overtake her.

He was treated to many tricks and ruses of the most subtle and bewildering character. Sometimes the trail would disappear as if the fugitive had taken wings. Then he would find a labyrinth of trails run so dextrously that it would take a long time to unravel it and then he would probably find himself following a blind. He hunted with the energy of a hungry foxhound.

Shanseppi would make a wide circuit in the great forest, then lie in wait and watch her pursuer pass, with eager face and straining eyes, hurrying along her trail. She combined in a high degree all the tact and cunning of her race, added to remarkable swift-

ness of movement. It was almost beyond human skill to capture her. She soon recognized these powers in herself and it pleased her, and she came to look upon the chase almost as sport.

Over mountains and through canons, through dense and tangled undergrowth, she led her pursuer a continuous chase. At times South Wind saw evidences that she was playing with him, and it provoked him and increased his longing desire to possess the "polaklie kula-kula", (brown bird).

At times she would lead him out on the mountain side into an open space and watch him from a distance. He soon learned that this was her object. Once when he came into one of these openings, he was convinced that the elusive maiden was watching him, and he adopted a counter ruse.

He laid down his spear and axe and extended his hands as if in supplication, then sat down in the most conspicuous place for several minutes. Then he repeated the gesture and sat down; but there was no response.

He started on the trail and found the point from which she had been watching him. Following on her trail it brought him back to the opening. A cluster of bright feathers lay where he had placed his spear before. From this he knew that she was watching him again.

He looked anxiously toward the place from which she had previously watched him. He signaled and looked in vain. He could see nothing. He laid down his spear again, and extended his hands as before. Still there was no response. He picked up the little bunch of feathers and placed them in his plume, then sat down, still watching the former picket post of his wily game.

South Wind was not despondent by nature, but there are times when the most daring and enduring feel the folly of further effort. Such were his feelings now. He sat for some minutes in meditation.

A mountain robin called from the adjoining wood. It was his favorite bird, with its cry so plaintive and sweet. He had often listened to it in the great dismal forest, and its cry seemed to harmonize with his present state of feelings. The cry of the bird was repeated in a different key. This is common with the mountain robin, but the quick ear of South Wind detected the counterfeit. Then, without looking in the direction of the sound, he imitated the cry he had heard. Some minutes elapsed and the call came again, soft and plaintive. Again he answered in the same plaintive key. Then silence for several minutes.

The canon was too deep and precipitous to cross without great care and labor, unless he went some distance above.

The silence continued, and South Wind understood that the interview was at an end. Possibly the bird had flown again, or was waiting for him to speak. In a bird-like tone, he chanted:

“South Wind sorrows for the brown bird.” There was no answer. Then he continued:

“His heart is sad for her.” Still no answer. The sun was going down behind the mountains.

“He loves the brown bird, and wants to make her his wife. He is a great tyee.”

Then came the plaintive voice of the robin:

“Shanseppi is sad.

Bad Indian keeps her sister prisoner on the high mountain. Tyee hunt me like coyote.”

This only increased the desire of South Wind to possess the wily maiden. Her voice was delicious, and he was willing to make any reasonable promise to win her. He saw that



Little Brown Bird.

she could prolong the race indefinitely. She became more skilled in her ability to hide her trail as the chase continued. He replied in the same bird-like voice:

“South Wind will not hurt Shanseppi. He want her sister free. His heart not bad.”

Her confidence in her powers of strategy was exalted by her experience since her capture, and South Wind's assurances of good will added to this confidence. She replied:

“Shanseppi will free her sister.”

Then came the shrill cry of the robin, as if in flight. He understood that the bird had flown. Before he could regain his feet and follow, another cry came from further up the mountain, and toward the high mountain designated by Nevyo. He crossed the canon and followed as fast as he could, answering the call as he ran.

Again and again came the call of the robin, luring him on, and ringing dismally through the solitude of the great forest. He could not follow by sight now, but he was confident that he was no longer shunned by the maiden. He ran as fast as possible, but his pilot kept far in advance. The maiden was well acquainted with the mountains and knew the open routes.

When nearing the spring, near the summit of the highest peak, the bird call of the maiden ceased, but the soft warning voice of a small owl was heard instead. He answered

the call, and the owl replied cautiously, "mitlite." (stay)

It was night, and South Wind stopped and lay down on the dry moss.

Shanseppi crept forward cautiously in search of her captive sister.

CHAPTER III.

The Rescue.

When Ralbo left the wounded Hassiwa and his sorrowful mate, he followed the trail of Nevyo and South Wind and their prisoners as best he could by the moonlight, until he came to the great body of green timber, then stopped and rested till daylight.

He was not accustomed to woodland trails, and his following was slow and tedious all the next day.

He came to the place where the fugitives had rested the previous night and then followed the trail of South Wind and Shanseppi to the tunnel in the canon. He examined carefully and found the tracks of but two persons. He turned back on the trail to find where they had separated and found the trail of the other

two at the resting place of the previous night. He followed this all day, and at nightfall reached the great mountain, thinking he still was several hours behind. He decided to go to the spring (Leabo's Spring) and rest for the night. When near the spring he stumbled over the sleeping form of Nevyo.

They were at too close quarters to use their battle axes, and they clutched for a desperate struggle. Neither knew at first whether he was struggling with friend or enemy. Nevyo's arms were under those of Ralbo, and he had his powerful antagonist at a disadvantage. He could feel the great muscles in Ralbo's back and arms, and the iron grip on his wrists. Their faces were close together and they glared at each other. The tribal differences were visible to each, even in the deep twilight, and they gathered strength for their mightiest effort.

Ralbo's foot shot out to trip his adversary, but Nevyo was too quick. He then made an effort to get Nevyo's neck under his arm; but he failed in this also. The fierce struggle started the blood from Nevyo's old wound, which ran down between their bodies and made them slippery, and Ralbo began to turn in the powerful grip of his antagonist.

Nevyo made an effort to trip, but did not move the muscular leg of Ralbo. He saw that he would be no match for the powerful giant when conditions were equal, and he attempted

to hurl himself away from his adversary in order to use his axe, but only succeeded in bringing himself securely into the clutches of Ralbo, who bore him to the ground and bound his hands and feet with rawhide thongs. He did not dispatch him with his axe for the reason that he wanted to learn the whereabouts of the maidens.

When Ralbo rose from his prisoner, he lifted his axe in a threatening manner and demanded to know where the maidens were.

"Yuk-wa," (Here), answered a feminine voice.

It was Tlynpe; bound with her back against a tree and sitting on a log but a few feet distant. She had watched the struggle between the two men with anxious interest.

Ralbo now recognized her by the moonbeams that came through the trees. He hastened to release her, and found other hands at work untying the cords. It was Shanseppe, who had watched the struggle with equal anxiety, being unable to find her sister until she spoke.

"Kah 'mika chako?" (Whence you come?) asked Tlynpe with a show of excitement.

"Hyas siah," (Far away), replied the pleasant voice of Shanseppe.

Ralbo scarcely understood the words of the sisters, but he knew they were happy at their release. Their bright eyes sparkled in the

dim rays of the rising moon. He was more pleased with this closer view of their comely faces.

When Tlynpe was freed he turned to see how his prisoner was faring, but he was nowhere to be seen. While Ralbo was untying Tlynpe, Neryo had rolled over quietly into the darkness. He continued to roll as fast as he could until he had made a distance of several rods. Then, with some skill, and more force, he released his hands and then his feet, and ran away into the forest. Ralbo was unable to follow in the darkness. He cautiously made a circuit of several rods, but could find only the bow and axe of the escaped prisoner.

He returned to Tlynpe and found her alone. He did not yet understand the situation. Shanseppi had disappeared in the darkness after whispering something to her sister.

South Wind, with all his Indian nobility, was not pleased with the part he had been playing in this affair. He had participated in the killing of an inoffensive old man. With all his renowned speed he had failed to overtake a "klootchman," and he was crest-fallen.

He regarded the swift-winged bird with a superstitious admiration. He loved her with all the intensity of his young Indian nature. He had made his love known to her and was willing to make all amends compatible with

his warrior's pride. But he was away from his companion braves, who would soon be at war with the enemy, and he thirsted to be with them.

The wily maiden had lured him a long way into the mountains and had abandoned him, maybe for the night, maybe for ever. He rose up. He would go at once to his people. He was not familiar with that locality, but he knew the direction to the Killamook trail, where his people would cross the range, or maybe had already crossed. He did not want to meet Nevyo again.

With a heart full of anger, love, and disappointment, he started back down the mountain. He had taken but a few steps when he heard the soft voice of the little owl. He stopped and hesitated before answering. He was undecided. Then the thought of the bright eyes and the pretty form of the brown bird came to him, and he made a soft hooting in reply.

"Klose tum-tum?" (Good friend?) asked the clucking and whispering voice of the owl but a few steps away.

"Mika tum-tum," (Your will,) responded South Wind. He was quick and watchful, but before he was aware there was a gentle hand touched his arm and he looked into the bright and confiding eyes of the brown bird.

"Cha-ko." (Come,) and she led the way to Tlynpe and Ralbo.

When Ralbo saw South Wind with the sparkling spear, he took his axe from his belt, but Tlynpe's hand was on his arm.

The simple minded maidens thought all lovers should be friends, and did not know they were bringing two enemies together, nor did the men know that they were enemies. They looked at each other with keen scrutiny in that sombre forest, each with weapon ready for duel to the death, if need be.

"Klax-sta?" (Who?) demanded Ralbo.

"Klax-sta mika?" (Who are you?) responded South Wind.

The maidens were now thoroughly alarmed. They stepped between the men imploring and demanding a truce. But the men continued.

"I am South Wind, a tyee of the Killamooks, ready for peace or war. Which shall it be?"

"I am Ralbo. Balmaconn is my chief. I hunt the dogs that stole the daughters of Hassiwa."

"The daughters of Hassiwa are more beautiful than the roses of the valley. South Wind will possess one of them or lie in death on the mountain."

"You promised my will; I will peace," demanded Shanseppi. "You fight, I leave you."

"My warriors keep their promises," said Ralbo, with a tinge of sarcasm, as he returned his axe to his belt.

“Mi-ka tum-tum.” acquiesced South Wind with some reluctance.

The two young men were the finest specimens of young manhood in their respective tribes, both in valor and physical excellence. Although they now knew they were enemies, neither feared treachery on the part of the other. Their words and actions were the words and actions of brave men, the truce of Rhoderic Dhu and Fitz James was not more sacred, and they knew the truce would not be broken without fair warning to both.

The four people composing the party were tired. A few words were exchanged in a quiet way.

Poor Shanseppe's flight was over and a reaction came. The weary maiden sank down and slept. Tlynpe lay down by her tired sister. The two warriors stretched themselves on the ground, and the silent forest was apparently destitute of animal life.

During the night Tlynpe saw two eyes peering from behind a tree near South Wind. She started slowly as if to arouse Ralbo, when the eyes disappeared. She watched for some time, but they did not return, and she slept again.

When the party of four arose the next morning from their earthy beds, they were sore, stiff and hungry. The power of the Indian to go a long time without food had been taxed to the limit.

Shanseppi was ill.

The young men were concerned for her. Tlynpe advised food, and rest for the day, and suggested the regular Indian treatment—a sweat bath in a regularly constructed “sweat house.” The men looked at each other inquiringly.

“Nika iskum muk-a-muk,” (I get food) proposed South Wind.

He was more familiar with the habits of the game in that section and thought himself best adapted for hunting there.

“Mi-ka tum-tum,” said Ralbo.

Although it was not the custom of the Indian men to work, Ralbo assisted Tlynpe in the construction of the proposed sweat house.

They made a low, dome shaped, circular hut, thirty inches high and five feet in diameter. The frame was made of long, slender sticks, bent over and stuck in the ground at each end. They were bent over in several directions, and crossed at the top. Then the entire frame was covered over with broad leaves and moss, so dense and compact that it was almost impossible for smoke to escape through it. A hole was made at the top and at one side, and a fire built in the center of the hut and several stones the size of a man’s head were heated. The fire was then withdrawn, and the patient crawled into the hut and both openings were closed.

She was kept in this suffocating sweat box until the perspiration was about all exhausted, and her body almost parboiled. She was then taken out by her sister and plunged into a pool of cold spring water; she was then thoroughly rinsed and put to bed on a couch of loose, dry moss.

South Wind soon returned with a deer, and by the time Shanseppi was rested from her bath Tlynpe had some well cooked venison ready for her. She cooked on heated stones, while the men cooked for themselves by holding the meat on sticks over the fire.

Their long fasting and great exertion gave them enormous appetites, and there was little more than bones of the animal left when the four hungry people had finished their meal. When they had eaten they stretched themselves on the ground, and slept the remainder of the day. It was wild Indian life, and they were but children of the forest.

The Indian talks little, and there was little or no conversation.

The braves were already massing on the plains of the Yamhill. There had been some fighting and some blood shed. Had these two young warriors known this they would have hurried from the mountains to their friends, with greatest speed. As it was, South Wind was restless. But the dark-eyed maidens were magnets that held the young men away from the bloody scenes that were being enacted

in the valley below. They loved to be near them and were loth to break the spell.

When night came, Tlynpe kindled a fire, and the four sat round it, gazing at the burning sticks, each busy with his or her own thoughts.

The great wilderness was still. Not a breath of air was stirring. The moon had not yet risen, and the giant trees around the camp fires cast enlarging shadows into the surrounding darkness. The four Indians continued to sit in silence, gazing into the fire, apparently oblivious to the presence of the others; yet each was intensely conscious of the situation. It is not customary for Indian women to talk much in the presence of the men. Tlynpe seemed to know this by instinct, although the maidens had never been associated with men sufficiently to understand the etiquette of the savage.

Shanseppi was much improved, and she desired to hear some of the stories of valor from the lips of the strangers. She leaned toward her sister and said something in a low clucking whisper. The men paid no attention. Shanseppi whispered more; then began a little chant in a low key. The men did not show displeasure and she grew more bold, until her voice went out among the great trees, like the droning of some great insect. It was neither of love nor happiness nor sorrow. It was all these and more. It was a heart song, plaintive

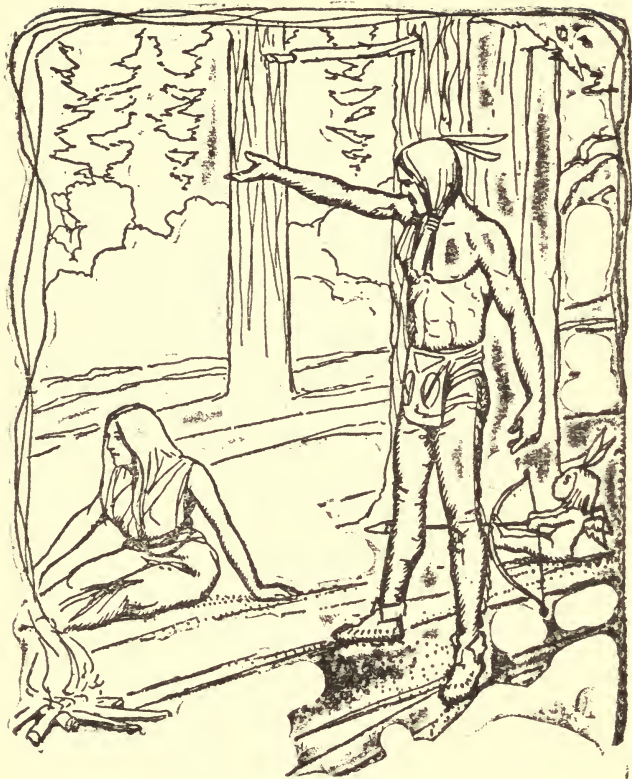
and sweet, the wild song of the mountain forest, and the forest heard it and throbbed as the rhythmic melody swelled among the trees. She hushed, but the spell of silence was not yet broken. They all sat quietly for some minutes. Ralbo understood why the song was sung. He turned to South Wind and said:

“Mi-ka wa-wa.” (You talk.) “Kim-ta mi-ka,” (After you,) he replied.

The politeness of the young tyee pleased Ralbo who then told this love legend, familiar to his people.

“Long, long time ago, a great bird came to the land where my people dwell. There were no people there, and he was sad. He was hunting for people where he could find a mate. He flew to the mountain top to the north, and there were no people and no animals. He flew to the mountain top to the south, and he find no people and no animals. He flew to the mountain top to the east, and he find no peopel and no animals. His heart was sad, because there was snow on all the mountains where he light. Then he flew to the low mountains to the west where there was no snow, but there were no people and no animals and he was ready to die, because he found no mate.

“Then Talapus (Indian diety) come and whisper to him to go to the valley between the mountains and seek among the animals.”



Ralbo's Wooing.

Here the speaker rose and made gestures to suit his speech.

“He flew, and he flew, round and round, down to the valley and he find no people.

“He went to the wolf and said, ‘Will you be my mate?’ and the wolf ran away. He went

to the fox and said, 'Will you be my mate?' and the fox said no and he ate him up. He went to the eagle and said 'Will you be my mate?' and he said no and he break his wing.'" The speaker's voice became soft and plaintive.

"He went to the pretty fawn and said 'Will you be my mate?' Here he hesitated; Tlynpe seemed to understand, and went and knelt at the feet of the speaker. He did not look toward her, but his hand was placed gently on her head, and he added:

"The pretty fawn said, 'I will be your mate.' Then he made its two front feet into hands, and made it to stand on its two hind feet. He made its eyes as bright as the stars of night, and its ears into beautiful, long black hair.

"The hawk come and say, 'Make me like the fawn and I will be your child. The dove come and say, 'Make me pretty like the fawn and I will be your child. And the crow and the bear, and the badger, and the lark, and the sage hen, all come and say, 'Make us pretty like the fawn and we will be your children.' Then Talapus said, 'Make them,' and he made them all like the pretty fawn, and they were his children, and there were a great many of them. And now they are my people.'"

When Ralbo had finished his wooing, he and Tlynpe resumed their seats. Tlynpe was of fine form, larger and taller than her sister. Her face was beautiful, and she loved Ralbo unreservedly. With the characteristics of her race and sex, she would be his loyal slave. His love song was sweet music, the first she had ever heard, and it carried her body and mind into sweet captivity.

When it was time for South Wind to speak he stood up with his spear standing by his side. He faced to the east and then to the west. Then began to chant in a deep minor key, swinging his arm in graceful gestures as his voice rose and fell. His words were slow and long drawn out.

“Skoo-kum e-ko-lie” (Great whale,) he began, “came to the bay with a pretty maiden in a light canoe. ‘Klat-ta-wa kel-a-pi taht-le-lum,’ (Went away and returned ten times.) Because there was a boatman bear on the shore that wanted to get the canoe with the maiden. When no one else would come for them the whale gave them to the boatman bear who took them across the bay and far up a lone river, and put the maiden in his cave house in the mountain and barred the door with a great stone.

“All day long the boatman bear paced to and fro before the cave door, fearing some one would come and steal his treasure, because the

maiden cried, 'cha-ko ni-ka, cho-ko ni-ka,' (come to me, come to me) And the boatman grew sick for want of food. Then the 'moo-lock' (elk) came. When he heard the maiden call, he killed the boatman bear with his great, sharp hoofs and horns, and break down the stone door. When the captive maid came out she saw the great elk near by and her light canoe in the stream. The elk saw the maiden more beautiful than his companion bird, and he said, 'Come with me and be my mate. I am swift as the winter wind and stronger than the boatman bear. My back shall bear you to the flowery vales, far from danger. Downy mosses shall be your bed under the fragrant firs.' The maiden looked at her light canoe and again at the handsome elk. He knew that she wanted to ride again on the bay.

"Then the elk asked Talapus to make him a boatman strong as the maiden wished, and Talapus made him so. He took the paddle of the light canoe and called to the maiden: 'Cha-ko ni-ka, cha-ko ni-ka.'"

Here South Wind's voice and tones were pleading and soft as the voice of a bird. As he continued to repeat these words, Shanseppi imitated the example set by her sister and knelt at the feet of her pleading lover. But he was not done. His theme had carried him into the realms of the seer. His loved one had entered the light canoe. His fancy pictured a voyage across the bay by the sea, to

their future home. It was to be a delightful trip, but suddenly the war cloud that was gathering in the valley below crossed his mind, and likewise threatening breezes crossed the path of the light canoe. Then that mountain solitude, otherwise silent as the tomb, witnessed a storm at sea while the two maidens and even the stoical Ralbo looked on with wondering eyes and parted lips.

South Wind poised and plied his spear as a paddle as he faced the rising wind and waves that tossed the imaginary craft. They saw the little boat dance over the billows beneath the feet of an expert mariner whose voice was attuned to the rise and fall of the wild hurricane, the swish and splash of the waves, the dismal screams of the sea-fowl, finally the distant boom of the pounding sea against the cliffs in the wake of the receding storm. All these were vividly portrayed by the savage actor.

The witnesses gave a sigh of relief when the light canoe finally entered the harbor of safety and the perspiring artist found the glorious "illahee" where they were to "mitlite" for life.

"Hutch-ne-ki-uh." The wild Indian war whoop rang out over the Yamhill valley at early dawn the next morning. The air was still and the foot hills took up the cry; even the mountains in the distance returned the

echo. Did South Wind hear it, or was he dreaming? He opened his eyes on that far away mountain peak. His companions were still sleeping. He got up quietly. Did he still hear the murmur of voices in the valley? Was it the battle cry, and South Wind far away, from fame and glory, and the battle?

He looked at his sleeping companions.

Shanseppi was beautiful even in that early morning light under the shadows of the great trees, but his call to duty on the battle field was imperative. Must he leave her without some token of fidelity? He takes off his necklace of pearl-like shells and brilliant agates and twines it around her bow, which is lying by her side. Then, with a fond look at the sleeping maiden he slips away into the forest and runs down the mountain. But he has a long way to travel before he reaches the scene of the conflict, and it is a rough and rugged road.

He is barely out of sight when Shanseppi awakes and finds South Wind gone. She is surprised. She finds the pretty shell necklace twined around the bow. She takes it up fondly and understands its full meaning. It is from South Wind, the magnificent. She knows why he has gone and where he is gone—to the battlefield. She has heard of battles, and is fearful of the consequences. Although Ralbo and her sister are still there, her heart is lonely. She fastens the precious talisman

around her neck, and steals away in the direction that South Wind has taken. She flies through the forest and down the mountain almost with the swiftness of a bird.

While South Wind is running, he hears the shrill cry of the robin far up the mountain on his trail. He stops an instant and answers the call. He knows that it is the call of Shanseppi, and that she is following him. He stops but an instant and then hurries on to the battle, surging in the valley below.

Tlynpe wakes up immediately after her sister has gone. She utters a little cry of surprise, which awakens Ralbo. He rises and finds South Wind and Shanseppi both missing. He looks inquiringly at Tlynpe, but she is equally bewildered at the disappearance of the two. Ralbo looks angry because he thinks South Wind has broken the truce, taking advantage of the darkness to slip away from him and go to the battle field while he slept. But his feet are also swift, and he tells Tlynpe to hasten after him as fast as she can, that he must hurry on. His companion braves will need his assistance. He will come to her again at her home some time, at the home of Hassiwa. The faithful maiden follows quickly, and the mountain camp is deserted.

CHAPTER IV.

Battle of Tonvolieu

The invaders who crossed the Willamette near the mouth of the Yamhill, consisting of detachments of Yakimas and Klikitats, moved up the south bank of the river into the Yamhill valley several miles. Game was plentiful and they were feasting royally.

The Killamooks had crossed the coast range and were in fine condition. They came south along the foot hills, in the western part of the valley. They were the first of the coast tribes to learn that the invaders had crossed the Willamette. They saw their camp fires from the foot hills, and sent out a scouting party, who came in contact with a party of the hunters, a skirmish resulting. One or two of each party were wounded but there were no scalps taken. Arrows only were used.

This skirmish happened on the morning before South Wind and Ralbo left their camp, and about the time the mountain party were feasting on venison. About noon that day the Tlatsops and Chinooks arrived with a hundred and fifty warriors and joined the Killa-

mooks. In the afternoon a hundred more warriors from the Twalitas and another hundred from the Multnomahs were added to the coast allies. They were all fresh from home and eager for battle, while the invaders had been campaigning till they were comparatively seasoned veterans.

They crossed the Yamhill river above the invaders' camp, and crept through the tall grass till within shooting distance with their best bows. They raised the war whoop and started, shooting their arrows as they ran. They made a vigorous rush to surprise the enemy, but were themselves surprised. They found their wily foe ready for them. The resistance was stubborn, and they retired in some disorder. The dead and wounded were few, and about the same number on both sides.

The coast allies now saw that the work of driving out the invaders would require all the strategy and bravery they could command. They called a council of war and decided to renew the attack the following morning at daybreak. The Killamooks were disappointed at the absence of South Wind, the idol of their tribe. Palmin, their chief, was annoyed because his son was losing his first great opportunity to win fame on the battlefield, but his stubborn Indian will gave no evidence of his disappointment. Palmin was considered the mightiest warrior of the allied tribes. He was daring and brave to rashness.

Runners were now flying in every direction, urging the speedy concentration of both armies. A great battle was imminent. Scouting parties were frequently coming in contact. Reenforcements for both sides were hurrying from the south to the valley of the Yamhill. The invaders were coming north down the east side of the Willamette valley while the coasters were coming down the west side.

The two armies were camped on the south bank of the South Yamhill, about three-fourths of a mile below the haunted lake. (Harrison lake.) About midway between the two hostile armies was a small opening into a horse shoe bend in the river. The circle made by the river was about a half mile across, while the width of the opening leading into the circle was only about a hundred yards. The first engagement occurred opposite this opening, just outside the horseshoe, and hostilities were renewed there the next morning.

The battle cry was raised at early dawn, and was answered defiantly by the invaders. The coast allies put up such a vigorous fight that the invaders were driven back some distance, but they rallied and were now driving the coasters in confusion, some of them running into the river to escape. Most of the Killamooks had been held in reserve till this time. They now swept down on the enemy with an impetus which forced them back to a ravine some distance to the rear. Here the invaders

made a stubborn stand, and a hand to hand fight occurred. War clubs and battle axes were freely used. In the thick of the fight a mighty cry came up the river; a band of Walla Wallas and Wascos appeared, coming to the assistance of the hard pressed invaders. With these reenforcements they repulsed the murderous Killamooks, who retired a short distance in comparative order, gathering scalps from their enemy's dead as they went; but they left a number of their own braves lying on the field.

About the time they reached their former camp in their retreat they heard the cheers of a band of Yaconah and Siletz warriors, coming to their assistance. There was now a lull in the fighting.

During the afternoon fresh arrivals were added to both armies, and the fighting was renewed occasionally at different places along the entire lines. The two armies were now facing each other, and extended out from the river about a mile across a level prairie and up onto a low, sloping bluff which ran parallel with the river. The invaders were below the opening in the bend and the coast tribes were above, with an open prairie between. Two typical, children's lines of battle. They were camped out of arrow shot, and defiant cheers went up frequently from the various bands.

The coast army was formed with the Chinooks and Umpquas, reaching out to and on the bluff.

The invaders' column was parallel with the coast tribes with the Klikitats next the river; then the Yakimas, Walla Wallas, Wascos and Kalapooas. The two forces were nearly equal, with about two thousand braves on each side.

It was along in the afternoon; the two armies had become sullen. It was the calm preceding the storm. A skirmish begins on the bluff and then it reaches down the slope. "Hutch-ne-ki-uh." The war cry is raised all along the lines, and the two armies begin to roll together.

The Killamooks are the last to take up the cry. They have been in all of the battles, and South Wind has not been with them. They are almost too sulky to rush with the main column. They hear the scream of an immense eagle soaring high to the rear. He smells the blood and cheers on the warriors. He is a bird of prey, and he glories in the conflict. His scream is shrill, piercing, and defiant, and it lifts the spirit of the Killamooks. But they hear another and more potent scream, far in the rear, and rivaling that of the kingly bird. The warriors think they recognize it, and they listen with bated breath. Not a sound escapes their lips, even Palmin, the great tyee, is still. They are looking to the rear. Several warriors notice

the Killamooks and wonder why they are standing. A man appears around the bend in the river, running toward the Killamooks almost with the speed of an eagle. He slaps his mouth rapidly as he utters a prolonged yell and holds aloft a glittering spear. It is South Wind



South Wind Hurrying to the Battle.

and the Killamooks jump with a frenzy of delight. They throw their spears high into the air and utter such wild, piercing screams that the whole army pauses to look toward them.

South Wind is warm with his long run from the mountains. His eyes gleam with a terrible fire as he finds his own warriors, apparently waiting for him. With a wild yell of war he rushes among his own braves, and altogether they rush on toward the enemy. They come up with the main column and pass it. Palmin, although old, joins his braves and follows South Wind, permitting his son, the idol of his heart, to lead the men.

Nothing can withstand the charge of the Killamooks. The ground trembles as they rush through, breaking the column of the enemy. The two wings next the river are fighting stubbornly. The great column of the invaders toward the bluff are pressing the coasters severely. South Wind sees this and he leads his men toward the bluff. His glittering spear is dimmed with blood. The fighting is now general all over the prairie, most of the men fighting in squads and detachments. Some have crossed the river and are running to and fro, far to the west. Others to the east. Stragglers, skulkers, and fighters everywhere.

The Killamooks turned the tide against the invaders all along the line to the bluff.

It is coming evening and both armies stop fighting and draw off, with the advantage in favor of the coasters, mostly due to the valor of South Wind and his braves. The chiefs of both armies saw where the fighting was done, and South Wind receives the exulting congratulations of his men, and all of the tyees of the coast tribes. He is invited to the council of war with his father and all the great chiefs. He has received a few slight wounds; but he is a noble young savage, and they only add to his glow of pride as he walks among his braves.

If Shanseppe could see him now! She does see him. South Wind's brown bird has followed him with almost equal speed. Knowing the route better, she was in sight during the battle. She climbed a tree and watched the glittering spear of her lover until it was dimmed with blood and she feared that he had fallen. But she saw again and again, that the spear men wheeled and fought, and her heart told her that South Wind was leading them.

When it was coming night, and the tired warriors were settling down to rest, South Wind was standing apart from his braves, leaning on his spear, thinking over the events of the battle. A gentle hand was laid on his arm, and a soft voice said:

“Skookum tyee.” (Great chief)

South Wind's happiness was complete. He turned and looked into Shanseppi's sparkling eyes. He saw his necklace twined with hers about her throat. He put his arm around her and pressed her against his bosom. He felt the happy, throbbing heart of Shanseppi against his own. She noticed his wounds and stroked them soothingly with her gentle hand. She took off her own necklace and put it around South Wind's neck. As he leaned forward for her to fasten it, his face came close to hers, and he pressed his war-painted face against her soft cheek.

It was delicious, and the young tyee was drifting away into pleasant and lovely fields, when a courier came and told him that he was wanted at the war council immediately. With a good bye pressure he left her for sterner duties.

At the council, Niandi, the commanding chief of the coast tribes, and Palmin sat together. They inquired of the various tyees the number of men lost, and the number available for service. They also asked for the number of scalps taken. South Wind reported twenty of his men killed and thirty scalps taken. This was the heaviest loss and the greatest number of scalps taken by any one tribe. But the stolid tyees made no comment.

They talked of the position of their enemy and of their own forces, each tyee talking as he was called on by chief Niandi. Occasionally couriers would enter quietly and give some information and then retire. A wounded man entered and told of one of the prominent braves from the invaders who had captured two of the valley maidens and, together with a young tyee of one of the coast tribes, was staying far back in the mountains.

It was Nevyo who made this report, and there was a murmur of displeasure among assembled tyees.

As Nevyo turned to leave he met the angry look of South Wind. Nevyo returned the look with Indian hatred. He had been caught in a lie. But the young tyee said nothing. He was too young to make a scene before the council. He would settle with Nevyo at another time.

When Ralbo left the mountain camp, Tlynpe followed as fast as she could. She knew the open ridges better than he; and when he reached the scene of the tragedy where Hassiwa was struck down, he found Tlynpe and her mother wailing over the grave of the old hunter.

Canifen and Gragomet had followed Ralbo in his chase to rescue the maidens until they came to Thera and her wounded old mate. Canifen had all the characteristics of his race with the predatory avarice and sordid cun-

ning of an oriental trader. He watched Thera caring for Hassiwa for a time, but being hungry he went over a small ridge a short distance from the group and killed a deer. He returned and ordered the sorrowing woman to go and bring it in and cook his supper. He ate heartily and lay down, while the old woman returned to her companion, who died of his wounds the next day.

Canifen ordered the woman to bury the dead man and get ready to return with him to the camp of the invaders. He found her without a protector and took her for his slave. Although she was filled with bitter sorrow, he forbade her moaning in his presence.

Thera was taken to the camp of the invaders, and was settling down to the work of a dutiful slave. She did not even urge that Hassiwa had given her to Ralbo, because she did not know the fate of Ralbo, nor of her daughters, but her heart yearned for them.

Canifen gave Thera into the keeping of his faithful slave, Gragomet, who did the bidding of his master day and night. He served Canifen with a superstitious reverence. Gragomet was severe and exacting. The poor woman's sorrow was nothing to this savage; he laid burdens on her as he was instructed.

Her sorrows weighed so heavily upon her that, when she was sent out the next day in that vicinity to bring in some game killed by the hunters, she could not resist the tempta-

tion to return to the grave of Hassiwa and pay tribute to her buried companion. It was here that Tlynpe found her. She was scarcely glad to see her daughter, because she would be added to the number of slaves in some of the tribes, unless some tyee should admire her beauty and make her his wife, which is little better than slavery with most of them.

Tlynpe had not told her mother of the escape of Shanseppi when Ralbo came up. He waited at a respectful distance for a time, for the mother and daughter to pour out their sorrows. His heart was big, as was his giant body. He was eminent in this respect when compared with the ordinary Indian. He loved Tlynpe, and her mother should be cared for also.

When Ralbo arrived at the grave of Hassiwa, where Tlynpe and her mother were weeping, the battle in the valley where South Wind had won such distinction was just over. The two armies had retired for rest. The sun was going down behind the mountain, and he could see the camps from the hillside where he stood. He heard the cheering at the close of the battle, and an occasional cheer of defiance from some tribe after they had retired from the field. There were hunting and scouting parties on the prairie between him and the two camps.

These parties were frequently coming in contact, and sometimes a bloody encounter would ensue. He was to the northwest of the two armies, and it was necessary for him to get to the eastern camp. By keeping well to the north he could go around the enemy and reach the invaders camp by crossing the river below, and near the hut of Hassiwa. He decided to cross the prairie under cover of darkness and endeavor to reach the old hunter's hut. Here he would leave the two women, and join his friends in time for the battle on the morrow, in case there was a renewal of hostilities.

They reached the level prairie about night-fall, and crossed the trail of the Killamooks at the foot of the hill. The natural secretive instinct of the race was possessed by both women. They moved with more caution now by crouching along in the tall grass. They could see a dark object hurrying across the prairie occasionally. One man was running from the north nearly in the direction of where they were crouching. Ralbo does not fear any one man but he does not want a conflict that would attract others who might finally succeed in carrying away the women, so they lie flat on the ground and the runner goes by without seeing them.

When they had traveled some distance, two Indians came crouching along their trail, following them. They came upon Tlynpe almost before she saw them, and with a startled cry

she sprang toward Ralbo. They sprang after her, striking her a glancing blow on the head and shoulders with a battle axe. She fell as Ralbo bounded toward her assailant, and before he could recover from his stroke at Tlynpe, Ralbo's axe came against his neck with all the force that powerful giant could muster. His neck was broken and his head nearly severed from his body. The other Indian started to run. An arrow brought a howl of pain, but he kept running.

All were now on the warpath, and they would strike down any one they suspected to be in any way connected with the enemy. They were all mad, and war was in the atmosphere.

Tlynpe was so disabled by the blow that she could not travel. Ralbo took her in his strong arms and hurried on as fast as he could, crouching in the tall grass as much as possible. It was very trying to travel in this position with a heavy burden, and he was compelled to rest occasionally. Sometimes he would stand up and walk fast as he could, Thera keeping close to him, giving encouragement, and doing what she could for her wounded daughter.

They had traveled in this way a short distance when they heard some one following them. The moon was now rising and they could see half a dozen savages crouching and running along their trail. The Indian that Ralbo had hit with the arrow had notified a

band of his comrades who were near by, and had set them on Ralbo's trail, telling them that he was a spy.

Ralbo dropped flat in the grass and crawled with almost the speed of a dog in a run, off to the right of the trail, and laid the wounded girl gently down in the grass as her mother came up. He then returned as quickly to the route he was following and stood up.

His pursuers had crouched down when he disappeared, fearing they had been discovered. They crept forward with more caution. Ralbo went ahead as though he had not seen them. When they saw this they rushed forward to capture him for torture.

When he had drawn them from cover, he dropped in the tall grass and sent two arrows among them with deadly swiftness. One man fell dead, and another seemed so badly wounded as to be unable to assist his companions further in the conflict. They hesitated in their rush and began to use their bows and arrows. One of their arrows made a slight cut in Ralbo's shoulder and another struck in his thigh, but neither wound was sufficient to disable him.

The four that were unhurt separated in twos, and ran around to opposite sides, with the intention of closing in on him from two ways and attacking him at close quarters. He saw that two of them were nearing the place where he had left Tlynpe and her mother. As he ran

crouching toward them, a flying club struck him in the back, but the blow did not stop him.

The two had caught Thera and made her a prisoner, with threats of instant death. Ralbo struck one down with his axe. The other ran away and secreted himself in the grass. The other two did not venture near enough to strike him.

Thera had been hit with a war club and was bleeding about the face. She had succeeded in dragging Tlynpe away and hiding her. Ralbo now came up to her hiding place, picked her up and crawled away with her as fast as he could. The position he was traveling in was laborious and he suffered from the stroke on his back. He traveled in this way for two hours; stopping to rest occasionally. Tlynpe had recovered sufficiently to talk. She could walk, but this was thought to be dangerous; and as she was not able to crawl very fast, Ralbo was willing to toil on with his burden.

Sometimes they would hear a passing Indian and would lie still until he was gone. The wounded mother kept near, uttering soft, comforting words to Tlynpe, and encouraging Ralbo as she toiled on her hands and knees to keep up with them.

It was toward daylight when they thought it safe to get up and walk, and light was streaking in the east when they reached the home of

Hassiwa and found the cabin burned down. The fire was still smouldering and their home was desolate indeed. They continued down the bank of the river to the playground, where Ralbo had first seen the maidens. They could now hear the warwhoop beginning across the river above, and Ralbo, though worn and weary, was impatient to be with his people.

When Nevyo left the war council of the coast Indians he determined to be revenged on South Wind. He was of a suspicious nature, and he believed the young prince had betrayed him and made peace with Ralbo, and that the two had agreed to keep the maidens.

He had seen them all sleeping peacefully on the mountain but two nights ago. He had also seen the glory that South Wind had gained in the battle of the afternoon, but he did not expect to find him at the council of the chiefs.

Nevyo had been a faithful and trusted brave, and was held in high esteem by his people. He was ambitious to achieve fame in this war. He hoped to be a great tyee as a result of his achievements. But he had made mistakes, or fate was against him. The maidens he had captured at the risk of his life, were in the hands of his enemies. He was confident that the tenderheartedness of South Wind was the cause of his disappointment. He would be revenged.

He lay down near the council where he could hear what was said. The guard thought him trusty and he was permitted to lie where he chose.

In making arrangements for the position of the braves for the battle next morning, the council decided to put the Killamooks further out from the river, next to the bluff. South Wind was to lead them, as he had done the day before.

After the Killamooks should cut through the lines, they were to wheel toward the river and drive the invaders into the water, and butcher them in their confusion. The last reserve of the Umpquas was due the next morning, and with this addition they would sweep the remaining forces off the bluff and complete the route.

It was nicely planned from an Indian point of generalship. But Nevyo heard the plan, and he saw that South Wind would reap unlimited glory. Of course he would be punished for reporting that young tyee absent in the mountains with the captured maidens, as soon as his dissimulation became known.

His body was sore from his wounds and his heart was sore from his defeated attempt to carry off the maidens. He was still more sore from the anticipated loss of prestige among his chiefs and his people. He was jealous, and jealousy is the twin of revenge.

CHAPTER V.

Final Slaughter.

When the battle of the previous evening was over, the invaders saw that they had an ugly foe to deal with. The coasters were more stubborn than they had expected. The arrival of the dashing young tyee, with his glittering spear had made a bad impression on their braves. The terrible charge of the spear men had filled the bravest of the invaders' chiefs with distrust as to the result of the next day's battle.

Balmaconn presided at the council of the invaders, which was not very different from that of the coast Indians. The absence of Ralbo was regretted. It was thought that he was the only man that could lead the veterans against the intrepid Killamooks led by South Wind. Tocus, Ralbo's former companion, was selected, in the absence of Ralbo, to give battle to the spear men.

The invader's council was void of the confidence necessary for success in battle, and Canifen suggested that they gather what booty and game they could and retire to a better position, unless Ralbo returned before the morning battle. His confidence in the absent warrior was equal to that of the other chiefs, but he feared that the chivalrous young tyee with the glittering spear would route the best force they could send against them if Ralbo was absent. The council lasted until late.

Canifen was rich and he offered to pay a great price for the scalp and spear of the young chief of the enemy. He made this remark in a low tone while he was some distance from the council group. A strange Indian spoke to Canifen quietly and led him further into the darkness. The wary chief put his hand on his axe to prevent being taken by surprise, but the man made signs of assurance that quieted his fears. It was Nevyo. He told Canifen of his hatred for South Wind and how he had betrayed him. He told where the spear men would fight the next morning, and suggested that the invaders put a detachment of their best veterans with their best bows in front of the Killamooks. Canifen was glad to get this information, and promised to reward the traitor, although he detested him for his treachery.

Nevyo disappeared in the darkness and Canifen returned to the council with the traitor's information. Balmaconn suggested that it might be a deceptive ruse of the enemy, but Canifen told of the traitor's reason for wanting the death of the young tyee, and they acted on Nevyo's suggestion.

Tocus selected a hundred veterans, mostly of the Nez Perces, with their powerful bows, to oppose the Killamooks. They were to hold their arrows as long as it was deemed safe, then shoot with as deadly effect as possible, and retire. In this way they thought to draw the Killamooks into a trap, when the forces would close in on the spear men from both sides; while Tocus and his veterans would return and assist in the slaughter with their war clubs.

Many of the invaders made sharp sticks like the spears of the Killamooks. They thought the great valor of these braves lay in the possession of the sharp sticks. They carried these in addition to their war clubs, battle axes, and bows and arrows. Some were encumbered with an excess of these accoutrements.

The war whoop was raised at daybreak, but the braves did not move readily. Both armies were sore from their previous day's fighting, and they expected bloody work today. For the purpose of enthusing the braves, a hideously painted warrior would rush out in

front of his band and make frightful gestures and threatening demonstrations, with whoops and yells at the enemy; but all were reluctant. Then a squad would rush out toward the enemy with yells and a great hurrah. They would get near enough to shoot their arrows, then return to their own command when they saw that the army did not follow them. This was kept up for some time, and it began to look as though a truce would be preferable to war.

Finally a squad from the coast allies made a rush a little farther than usual and a squad from the center of the invaders started to chase them back to their line a brisk little fight ensuing. The fight soon became desperate and squads were coming to the assistance of their comrades from both sides.

Just then Ralbo reached the line of the invaders next the river, and a great shout went up from that side.

“Ralbo cha-ko.” (Ralbo come.)

“Ralbo cha-ko.”

The cry was taken up and sent ringing out along the line until it reached the bluff. The whole army of the invaders danced with a new courage, and started toward the enemy.

South Wind heard the cheers for Ralbo, but he did not know their meaning. When the invaders started he thought it time to carry out his part. He started with the Killamooks in a slow, swinging trot. Then faster

and faster, until they burst past the main army in a wild yell. The engagement now became general along the line.

Tocus waited until the Killamooks were in deadly range, and then fired two volleys with terrible effect and ran to the rear. Many bows were bent for the scalp of South Wind, but they all missed their aim, although many of the Killamooks fell. They sent a volley after the Nez Perces, and many of them fell.

South Wind stopped chasing the Nez Perces, but his warriors were already in the trap set for them. But it was also bloody for the trap.

He wheeled his men toward the river and charged with such force that the enemy stacked in a solid mass for a time, and then fell back. The young tyee would rush ahead like a mad tiger, and when none would stand before him he would plunge to the right or the left. The conflict was terrible.

The Nez Perces returned and closed on the Killamooks. The two young leaders came face to face. Both athletic young men. Tocus was swinging a powerful war club with deadly effect. The two men paused a moment, then rushed at each other. Tocus knew that he could not reach the young tyee with the club before the spear reached him. He swung the club with all his force and threw it at his adversary's breast. South Wind parried with his spear and staggered as the club cut the

skin on his neck and shoulder as it flew past. The next instant Tocus went down with the glittering spear through his heart.

They were now closing on the Killamooks heavily from three sides. Old Palmin was fighting like a mad man beside his gallant son. Right and left, men were going down. A great shout was coming from toward the river. Ralbo had led the Yakimas and Klikitats against the Chinooks and Tlatsops, who made a stubborn resistance, but were pushed back. Then Ralbo followed the tactics laid down for South Wind. He wheeled his men and fought toward the bluff.

Both armies were now struggling in a great mass in the center of the field. The yelling had died down and the forces were locked in a death struggle. The blows of the war clubs and battle axes could be heard everywhere as they crushed into the skulls of their victims. Like a dizzy person drawn over a precipice, both armies seemed powerless to avoid their fate.

The forces of Ralbo and South Wind were facing and everything between them was being crushed. The two gallant leaders had wheeled until they were fighting in opposite directions from which they started.

Reinforcements arrived for both sides about the same time, but their tyees were appalled at the struggle they saw in progress. They could not tell where to begin or whom to help.

The chiefs of the new arrivals communicated with each other by a truce and they agreed on an armistice. They commanded their men, and a great cry went up; "Ko-pet." "Ko-pet sullex." (Stop.) (Stop fighting.)

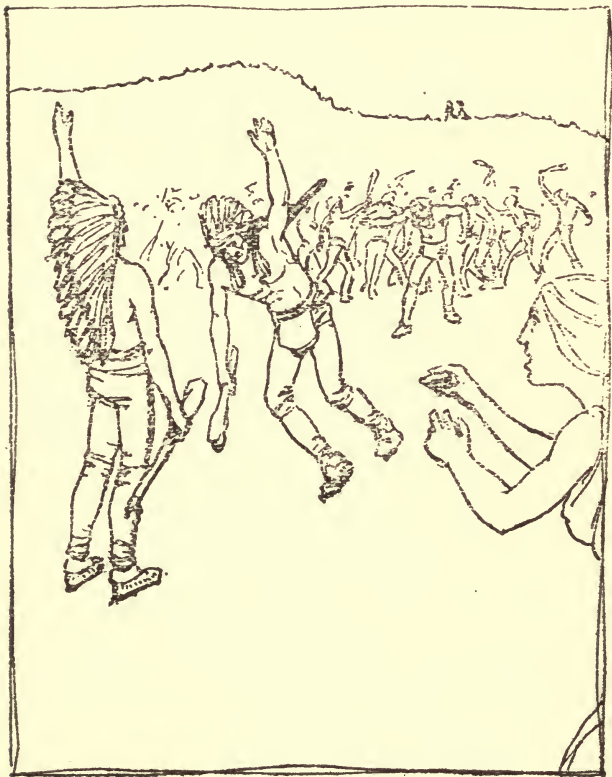
The cry was taken up by the men fighting on the field and was being heeded, but it was too late; the flower of both armies had perished on the bloody field of Tonvolieu. The gallant Killamooks had but eight men standing, and their valiant young chief was among the fallen.

The sturdy braves that fought by Ralbo and South Wind saw the two young warriors fighting toward each other, and they fought desperately in support of their respective generals. Thrust and blow; the leaders could see each other's features; a smile of recognition, not of hate, was exchanged. Fate had thrown them together and they must fight it out. They would gladly have had it otherwise, but it could not be so now.

The chiefs of both armies saw these powerful young men nearing each other; when they came face to face, the chiefs stood still, and stopped urging on their braves. It seemed that the fate of the conflict hung on the result of this duel. The last man had gone down between them and the circle widened. They took a deep breath for the last desperate effort, when the cry to stop fighting rang out over the field. In an instant a hand went up from

each. Quick in war and quick in peace.

■ An Indian in the rear of South Wind, with a wicked club, stooped with a powerful swing and sent the club whistling at that young tyee. It struck him on the neck and he fell in a lifeless heap. It was the revengeful Nevyo that



Fall of South Wind.

threw the club. Ralbo saw the danger and called to South Wind, as he sent his own club at the assailant, who went down with a broken arm and broken ribs, apparently dead.

When the truce was called, Shanseppi went flying towards her lover. South Wind saw her coming as the war club of Nevyo struck him down. She screamed with heartrending agony as she bounded over the other fallen braves and took the head of her stricken lover in her lap.

All fighting was over, save a few struggles here and there at a distance from the main army. The dead were everywhere. Twelve hundred were piled and cross piled within a half mile square and many scattered in the distance. The helplessly wounded had been killed when overtaken by the enemy and there were very few of that class to care for, and the slightly wounded cared for themselves.

During the truce the braves mingled with each other freely. There was a deep conviction that there had been enough fighting and that hostilities would not be resumed. There were no victorious shouts; even the stolid savage was appalled at the slaughter. The living started to bury the dead, but they grew tired of the ghastly work and quit, leaving hundreds unburied.

Great numbers of skulls and bones of those who fell on the field of Tonvolieu may be found in one great heap to this day.

Palmin stood over his fallen son like one in a dream. He saw the pretty Shanseppi wailing and caressing him, and she seemed like an angel come from the spirit world for that purpose. He picked up South Wind's spear, now bloody to the end of the handle, and looked at it sorrowfully. He could see the rays glittering through the cracked and drying blood.

His remaining braves took up the body affectionately, and with Ralbo they bore it to the rear. They carried it to the shade at the margin of the haunted lake, a half mile from the battlefield. They laid the body gently down on the grass and stood around it while the sobbing maiden knelt and stroked the hair from about the noble face.

Palmin looked wonderingly at the moaning maiden and marveled at her great beauty. He did not know that his son had a sweetheart, and he could not take from his mind the idea that she was not come from some other world to grieve for his illustrious son, and to bear his spirit company to the happy hunting grounds. He felt that her grief rivaled his own, and he would leave his son's body with her for burial and mourning.

He gave the bright spear to the maiden and marked the spot where his son should be buried, under a great spreading, broad-leaved maple; then returned to participate in the proceedings of the peace council. But he was of little use to the council; his heart was by the lake. His braves were fallen, his son was fallen and the future of his tribe was dark.

The wounded mother and daughter, Thera and Tlynpe, bathed their wounds and dressed them as best they could. The roar of the battle a mile away was unpleasant to hear. They thought of Ralbo. Tlynpe's love for the handsome young brave carried her mother's affections also. She could not endure the continued uncertainty. She was restless. She would go in search of him and learn his fate. She crossed the river and her mother followed.

They went cautiously up the bank and along the thicket that bordered the stream. They could see stragglers running occasionally, but they kept under cover of the thicket. As they were nearing the battlefield a man came running down the stream badly wounded, with the arrow still embedded in the ugly wound. They turned to aid the sufferer. They pulled the arrow from his body and bound some leaves over the wound, but he died before they had finished dressing it.

As they continued their cautious journey they heard the cry to stop fighting. This brought the stragglers and skulkers running back to the battlefield. Several came out of their hiding places along the river. The two women were more bold now. They emerged from their hiding and followed along with the returning refugees. They were not noticed by the men until Gragomet saw Thera. He took her in charge and loaded her with some spoils that Canifen had picked up on the battlefield. The simple woman wanted to avoid these two men and go with Tlynpe to find Ralbo. She was sure that Ralbo would care for her according to the vow of Hassiwa, but Gragomet's orders were imperative and she was compelled to take up the burden. He told Canifen of finding Tlynpe with Thera. The covetous chief was surprised to hear this. He learned that Ralbo had recaptured the maidens from Nevyo, but he knew that South Wind was mixed up in the affair in some way, as was briefly told him by the treacherous spy on the night before the last day's battle.

Canifen hurried away to see Tlynpe as soon as he could. When he saw her he was astonished at her great beauty, and determined to possess her at all hazards. She must be hidden from Ralbo. Gragomet and some other faithful braves were ordered to take them away into hiding at once.

Canifen returned to the council. Several of the tyees who had participated in the two councils the previous night were among the slain. This was a council of peace, but it had been established at great cost. The hearts of many of the tyees were full of sorrow. Hatred had vanished when they saw the appalling sacrifice, and it was not difficult to arrange terms.

The pipe was smoked by the two principal chiefs on each side. They were arranged in two semi-circles, and sat facing each other. The council was held in the horse shoe bend of the river near where it opened on the battlefield. There had been no fighting there and it was considered neutral ground.

Balmaconn talked first. He told of the starving condition of his people east of the mountains, and made the usual plea of the necessity of coming on a great hunting expedition in search of food for the winter.

Niandi replied that the game within the hunting ground of his people was comparatively plentiful and they were willing to give to the suffering in exchange for wolf and buffalo skins and precious stones, but that his people feared an armed invasion for the purpose of plunder.

"The coast people have many fish," said Balmaconn, "and they would not miss what we would be glad to take home to our people.

We will give one hundred wolf skins to your people and one buffalo skin to each tyee, if you will permit one hundred of our braves to go to the coast and bring away all the fish they can carry."

This was agreed to, and Canifen and Palmin were appointed from their respective sides to count out and deliver the skins to the coasters.

Palmin's heart was aching and he took little interest in the count, so Canifen picked the poorest and oldest skins available.

Then came the question of the occupancy of the Yamhill country. Balmaconn suggested that the people of both countries use it as a neutral ground for hunting and fishing. Niandi thought this an encroachment on the rights of the coasters. As Hassiwa had been a member of the coast tribes, the country should by right of inheritance, belong to his people.

"It has been told me," said Balmaconn, "that Hassiwa willed his possessions to Ralbo, a member of the eastern tribes, a warrior who had defended him against an assault by one of your young men."

"Then" said Niandi, "let us give the country to Ralbo, and make him a chief to raise up a people who shall occupy the country as they please."

Canifen approved of this plan, and stated that Rablo had made a vow to share with him the acquisitions of this expedition. In proof

of this he now held some of these possessions. "Further," he said, "Ralbo is not a tyee, but I am one, and with this council's approval, I will be the tyee of the Yamhill country. Ralbo shall be one of the noblest braves, and have a share in the dominions."

Canifen had done many favors for Balmaconn, although such favors usually resulted to the advantage of Canifen. Accordingly he consented that the chieftaincy of the Yamhill country be given to Canifen for two great suns (years). Balmaconn claimed that the invaders had more dead on the battlefield than the coast allies, for which reason he thought a tyee of the invaders should be chief for that period. With reluctance Niandi consented.

The lovely form of Tlynpe danced before the eyes of Canifen whether asleep or awake, and he devised another cunning plan to be ahead of Ralbo for a time. He wanted him kept away from the maiden, so he proposed that Ralbo be sent in charge of the expedition to the coast early next morning, which was agreed to.

It was decided to make the land within the horse-shoe bend neutral ground for council meetings; that no bloodshed or battles should occur within the sacred circle. A battle axe was buried in the center of the bend, so that it should be a land of peace, even free from the rule of Canifen. Wanderers from any of the tribes who should get within

it should be exempt from disturbance or persecution. The spirits of the dead who had fallen near the entrance should guard it with solemn round; two great suns should pass, and then the great council of Zioti Vilanci should be called. When all of the living tyees would again assemble to see whether the terms of this treaty had been faithfully kept, and decide what further to do.

The council then stood up with folded arms across their scarred breasts and exclaimed: "Mem-a-loost klim-in-a-whit!" (Death to liars.) They all filed out upon the battlefield, and preparation for the speedy departure of both armies was begun.

Ralbo tarried awhile by the remains of South Wind and the sorrowing Shanseppe. He was worn and tired from his prolonged exertion. His long race from the mountains, his toiling and fighting across the prairie, carrying the wounded Tlynpe, and his hard fighting had about exhausted his vitality; but he did what he could to comfort Shanseppe, and then started in search of Tlynpe and her mother.

He crossed the river above the council bend and went down on the opposite side, until he came to the place where the hut of Hassiwa was burned. He went on down the stream to where he had left the women that morning. Here was the little tepee, and here he first

saw the beautiful maidens eight days ago. Many and fearful were the events that had transpired since that meeting.

He looked about for the two women, but they were missing. He guessed they had crossed the river, and he went across and found where they had come out of the water. He followed their trail through the thicket until they came into the vicinity of the battlefield, where he could trace them no farther. The sun had set, the council had adjourned, and he was told that inquiries were being made for him.

He was directed to Canifen, who told him the terms of the treaty and of his appointment to go to the coast with the fishing expedition. It was necessary to start without delay. Rablo pleaded that he wanted to see Tlynpe before going, but the crafty tyee told him the expedition was urgent and would start at daylight the next morning. He assured Rablo that he would look after the maiden and her mother until his return, when they would arrange their own affairs between them. It was night, and Rablo was compelled to sleep. He did not suspect the deep deception of Canifen.

CHAPTER VI.

Canifen Baffled.—Palmin's Death.

Canifen, the wily chief, could not sleep. His mind was busy with his new honors and his new acquisitions. He was anxious to see Tlynpe as soon as possible, but another incident diverted him, and added another to the interesting events of the day. Shanseppi came through the crowd of standing and sleeping braves, hunting for Ralbo. She was anxious and in a hurry as she came to Canifen, and made inquiry as she had of others.

That crafty tyee opened his eyes wide with astonishment. This, he thought, is the other maiden spoken of by Ralbo and Tocus. Her beauty equaled or excelled that of Tlynpe. He could not see her fully in the dusk of the evening, but he managed to get the best view of her the twilight afforded. He was sure now that it was the other maiden, and he must possess her also. His possessions must be great. He asked her why she sought Ralbo, without telling her of his whereabouts.

The maiden told him confidently that the body of South Wind did not get cold like the body of other dead men, and she wanted Ralbo to go with her and see the cause. Her heart beat with a kindling hope. It was a vague hope and she dared not express it.

The savage chief saw new danger and new possibilities ahead. He bade the simple maiden go with him in search of Ralbo, claiming that he knew where he was sleeping. When he reached a safe distance from the main body of the braves, he beckoned to one of his own men and consulted quietly with him for a short time. He then returned to Shanseppi and told her that Ralbo was probably with her mother and sister, and that this man would conduct her to him. She was suspicious, even though he appeared to be a great chief and richly adorned, but she followed the man designated.

Canifen was an ambitious tyee. He was now tyee of a separate people and ruler of the Yamhill country. With all this, and two such maidens, the Indian world would soon be at his feet. He would be great among the chiefs of both countries, east and west. He possessed a vantage ground, and he would build up a great and powerful tribe by bringing the finest young braves of both sections into his dominions. He would have an army like the Killamooks. There were very few women with the armies, and some of the men went home and returned with their wives, and others of the invaders who remained sought wives among the tribes of Niandi.

Among all of the possessions of Canifen, the two maidens were considered by him as of the greatest value. They were the most beau-

tiful in all the tribes on both sides of the mountains. He would make them his wives, or sell them as slaves for the wealth of half a kingdom. He now had them in his possession. Tocus was dead, and Ralbo would go to the coast early next morning. He was laying plans and building castles, a practical, cunning and crafty savage.

Shanseppi, the bewitching beauty, had been sent to her mother and Tlynpe with a faithful guard. Four braves had been sent to see the cause of the maiden's wonderful story about the body of South Wind, with instructions to weight it with stones and sink it in the deepest part of the lake.

When Shanseppi found her mother and sister she was delighted, but she was disappointed at not finding Ralbo. The guards could not or would not tell her anything. But she was not like the ordinary submissive Indian woman. She had been raised to act as her own free will dictated, and she possessed some of the fire transmitted to her from her father. The guards did not suspect this, neither did Canifen. She had baffled the swiftest runner in all of the coast tribes in an all-day race. She had the spirit and independence of a princess, and she would never be the slave, or even the wife, of any man on earth that she did not love. Now she loved but one.

The big tyee Canifen she did not like. The warm body of her lover was a mystery and she would return to it. There was no fear there by the lake; she would go there. She whispered a few words to her sister and mother and tried to induce them to get away from the guards, who were drowsy with fatigue. But the two women were both wounded and weary, and her efforts were fruitless. Her heart was sore at leaving them, but she bade them to be hopeful; she would come again, and Ralbo would come. She crept away into the darkness and hurried to the lake, to find the body of her lover gone. She was bewildered, and looked anxiously about the lake, ready to fall down with grief.

She wandered around the lake and over the spot where she left the body of South Wind, but all was dark and lonely, and she could not find any trace of it. When the moon rose she was still hunting in the vicinity where she had left it, and upbraiding herself for having gone away from her sacred charge.

By the moonlight she saw a man creeping toward her through the grass by the lake. She thought it was Canifen, the big tyee, and she guessed his mission. He had deceived her.

He had deceived her for the purpose of getting her into the hands of his faithful guards, to hold while he was busy with the arrange-

ments of his new possessions and his new peoples. This kept him busy until late in the night. When he returned to his camp and found Shanseppi missing, he was angry with the guards, and threatened Thera and Tlynpe with lashes if they refused to tell him where the maiden was. But he guessed she had stolen away and returned to the lake to find the body of her lover. He decided to go at once and secure her before he slept.

When Shanseppi saw Canifen approaching, she did not fear him. It entered her heart to be revenged on him for his deception. Had she known that he had sent men to sink her lover's body in the lake, her hatred would have been fatal to that tyee. It was drastic as it was.

She kept securely hidden until he had passed her, then gave a feeble moan. He stopped and returned to the place, but she had crept away some distance and hid behind a cluster of rose bushes; he found nothing when he reached the spot. The little moan came again, from behind the rose bushes. He hurried to the place with the stealth of an old trailer, but he did not find her.

Then came another moan from farther up the lake; he ran there as quickly as he could, and found nothing. A superstitious fear began to take possession of him. Presently he saw the maiden across an arm of the lake. She stood out distinctly in the moonlight,

a beautiful wood nymph. He was wrought up now and became desperate. He commanded her to come to him, but she paid no attention to his orders. Then he told her to stay where she was, and she started as if to go away. Then he commanded her to come to him but she paid no attention. He ran with all his power, and bounded as far as he could across the narrow strip of water, landing about the center of it, and struck out to swim to the other bank. The maiden watched his efforts in the water for a moment, as if to measure his abilities in that element, and then disappeared to appear in another place.

Canifen was angered that a "klootchman" should elude him so successfully. But he was treated to many more deceptive ruses. Shanseppi was almost a ventriloquist; the ducks and owls would call from different parts of the lake, while the enraged chief hurried from point to point in swift pursuit. He could bring her down with an arrow, but he would first use all other means in his power to capture her alive.

She was a water nymph as well as a wood nymph, and would glide into the lake and cross, either by diving, or swimming so low that her person could not be seen in the moonlight. His chase became a kind of

frenzy, and he seemed to be under a spell as he rushed across the lake, or through brier thickets, tearing his flesh fearfully.

Shanseppi kept him under this spell until she tired of it, and then lured him into the lake. She slipped into the water under cover of some overhanging willows along the bank. When at the right place, she dived and came up in the wake of the swimming tyee. Then she gave a subdued imitation of a shrill war whoop, and struck him sharply on the back with the glittering spear of South Wind. He was startled, and when he turned and saw the threatening spear, and what his superstitious mind believed to be the risen body of the young warrior, come to be revenged on him, he uttered a wail of agony, his great eyes stood out as he gasped and spluttered and sank in the lake.



The Siren's Revenge.

The lake is of great depth in most places, but where Canifen sank it was shallow. He soon rose to the surface, threshing the water into foam, and wild with fright. The apparition had disappeared. He rushed to the nearest landing place as fast as his swimming powers could take him, and went to his camp at a brisk run, looking back occasionally to see if the ghost of the dead tyee was following him.

Canifen felt as if he had awakened from a terrible dream, wherein he had been lured by sirens, and tortured by spooks and goblins. He reached his camp exhausted, but before he slept he sent Thera and Tlynpe to gather berries and camas for his dinner, but always under the careful guardianship of Gragomet. When he awoke from his sleep he was still oppressed with the nightmare experience at the lake.

Next to his dominions, he desired to possess the wonderful maiden that had eluded him so successfully. Then he remembered the apparition that came near costing him his life. It made him shudder to think that the young tyee should rise from the bottom of the lake and defend her from his chase. The ghost of the dead man with the glittering spear prevented his return to the place for a long time.

He set a story afloat to keep Indians away from the lake, or from fishing in its waters, in order that they might not discover

the body of South Wind. He told that the lake was inhabited by some monstrous animal or demon that would stir the waters occasionally and keep its form hid in the muddy depths, and that bathers who ventured into the water would be dragged under and devoured. This superstitious tradition was prevalent when the white men came to the country.

Canifen ate heartily of the meal that Thera and her daughter had prepared for him, and lay down and slept again. Indian like, he slept through the following night. The next morning he found it necessary to return without delay to his old tribe east of the mountains, in order to bring all of his valuable possessions to his new home.

He selected a lovely spot for the principal village of his new tribe, where he was to reside on his return. It was situated on the north bank of the Yamhill river, near the falls, where the town of Lafayette now stands. It was in a slightly rolling prairie, with a few large oak and fir trees scattered over a beautiful undulating plain.

Here he gave him orders to build huts and gather food for the winter months. Men-raga, one of his leading warriors, was to have charge of the village until his return. He gave orders to have Ralbo attend to the construction of the huts and make canoes for the navigation of the Yamhill and Willamette

rivers. Ralbo was to have the assistance and companionship of Vyterpo, Canifen's old slave woman, in order to wean him from the thought of Tlynpe as much as possible. Vyterpo was to be kept in Ralbo's company at all times.

He ordered Gragomet to keep Tlynpe and her mother from Ralbo at all hazards. The vow between Canifen and Ralbo must be observed and an adjustment of the spoils secured by Ralbo in the expedition to the Yamhill country must be had before Ralbo could receive anything. Canifen started on his journey at once, hoping to return before Ralbo came back from the coast.

When the peace council went out of the horse shoe bend the sun was setting. Palmin, the tyee of the Killamooks, walked as one in a painful dream. His seven remaining braves were standing near the exit, waiting for him in silence. He looked into their faces, but said nothing; then walked toward the setting sun, toward his home, filled with consuming despair. His braves followed with the same silent mien.

He walked on when they came to the trail that led up over the foothills and into the mountains, although famishing and with fever glint eyes, unmindful of both food and sleep.

Palmin's heart was sick, deathly sick. He was returning to his hapless home, now only

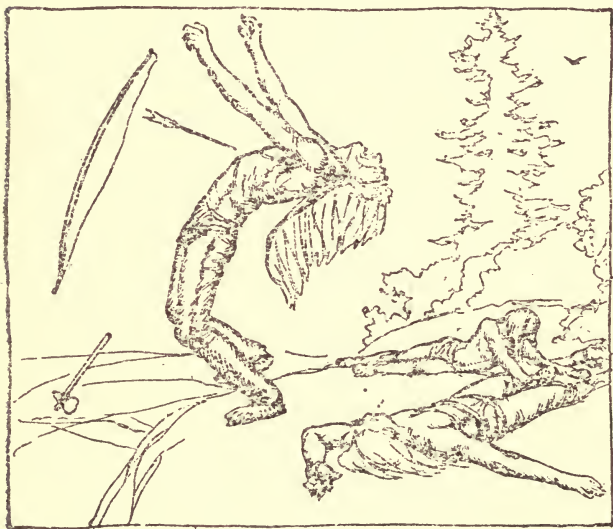
the charred framework of a home with its defenders burned in the crucible of war. All night long they walked through the great dismal solitude, whose shadows were in unison with the awful gloom that oppressed the minds of the returning warriors, and whose stillness fitted the sublime eloquence of their silence. Daylight came and still they toiled on with failing strength. Their feet ached, but they did not feel it; their hearts were crumbling with a harsher pain.

At noon they came out on a mountain overlooking the Killamook valley, with its winding streams, its lovely prairies, and its sparkling bay, with the great ocean beyond. A glorious paradise, now bereft of its angels.

So it looked to Palmin, the noblest chief of the noblest band of warriors that ever graced a battlefield, who a few days before had crossed the Coast range with defiant step to stop the invaders. They were dead, and his heart was dead with them. The remnant of his tribe was now a tribe of slaves. He was old and had fought his last battle. He looked over the valley as the clouds obscured the sun. It was ominous of the darkness coming to him. He stood long transfixed by grief. His heart was burned out, and his eyes would yield no tears.

Hours passed. The south wind came moaning through the bending firs. It brought the thought of his own South Wind, the

summit of his hopes, and whose spirit seemed to be wailing on that wind. He opened his lips to reply to the spirit's sorrowful plaint, but his voice had been stilled by his long and overwhelming silence. Rain drops, the tears of heaven, pattered on his upturned face. He struggled to answer, and tears of blood came at last through the walls of his broken heart. His weapon fell from his hands and he fell back to the earth.



Fall of Palmin.

A noble tyee of a noble tribe. His spirit was borne away on the storm, as the shrill voiced mountain robin, with its plaintive song of omen, flew screaming away into the dismal forest. The remaining braves would not leave their fallen chief. They could not. They were sad and weary. It was sweeter to die by his remains than to toil down to the valley, which henceforth would only be a vale of sorrow. Their chief, nor his illustrious son, nor any of their companion braves would be there.

With arrows and battle axes they attempted to remove the earth, but the grave they made was shallow and the leaves and stones few that they placed upon it. Then in the long continued pitiless and pelting storm, their requiem chant grew fainter and fainter still, as one by one the pale harbinger lulled them to rest on Palmin's Peak, yet pointed to as the place whereon the last of the flower of Killamooks' manhood of old, departed forever.

When the white man came he found only a tribe of degraded slaves in the beautiful valley of the Tillamook. They were never considered of sufficient importance by the government to be entitled to treaty privileges.

CHAPTER VII.

The Wanderers.

When her pursuer had left the lake in a great fright, Shanseppi looked carefully about the place for her lover's body; but she could find no trace of it. Fearing the return of Canifen, with men to assist in her capture, she started toward the mountains.

She was lonely now, and a wanderer, and she went far back into the great timber-covered range. The gloomy forest was in harmony with her sorrow. The disagreeable chief was in her country. Oh, if she but had South Wind back to drive him out.

She continued to walk and wander until she came to the deepest and gloomiest part in the vast woods, and then lay down and slept. She slept all night.

Next morning she went to the high mountain where the little campfire by the spring was built, and where the four lovers had tarried and made love three days before. She

hunted for everything familiar that would recall the young tyee to her mind. She found his moccasin tracks in the dust, and pored over them as a white maiden would over the pages of an old love letter. She lingered near the place for several days; then she tried to still her grief with the fancy that he had recovered, and had returned to his own people, to the beautiful valley by the sea. She girded herself and started for that country. She was at home in the woods, and when she found the main trail she traveled very rapidly. When she came to the village of the Killamooks, she was decorated as a bride, and her eyes sparkled with expectancy. The villagers looked at her with a superstitious wonder. She carried the sparkling spear of her lost lover. When the people saw this they almost prostrated themselves in their homage to the lovely messenger from their lost tyee. She told them that she was seeking her lover, South Wind, but they could tell her nothing.

She tarried near the village for a time, but her heart was lonely, and she wandered on to the seaside and walked along the great beach. For a time the wonders and beauties of the shore interested her, but her heart was continually crying, "Come back to me." The murmuring sea was as sad as the moaning winds in the forests, and echoed the sadness of her heart.

She went on north to the Chinook and Tlatsop villages, still hunting her lover. The warriors recognized the spear of the young tyee, and some of them remembered having seen the maiden on the field, wailing over South Wind's fallen body. They thought her insane, but her great beauty and rich ornaments put her almost in the realm of the supernatural, and she was treated with much deference.

She came to the mouth of the great Columbia, and turned again to the south, and visited all the tribes as far south as the Umpquas. When alone by the sea, or in the solitude of the forest, her plaintive wail of "Cha-ko nika," (come to me,) was often borne on the wind. She was never molested in her wanderings up and down the coast. She was known as the sweetheart of the lost young chieftain of the Killamooks, and they thought her wailing a fitting tribute to his memory.

The band of young warriors who went to the coast with Ralbo for fish made the most of their trip. Six young men from the coast tribes went with them as guides, and to see that they conformed to the terms of the treaty. When they were a sufficient distance from the battlefield, and its scenes of slaughter and carnage, the protracted strain of war and bitter strife wore off, and they became more lively and mirthful.

The great wood was full of interest. It was not like the vast prairies where they lived east of the Cascade mountains. They could build all the fires they wanted. When they shouted, the forest was resonant with the sounds. There was such a great variety of berries, and such an abundance of them. The moss hung on the trees in grotesque shapes and festoons as they neared the coast.

The great pounding sea filled them with awe. The roar of the waves on the beach was incessant. They were simple children and had never seen these wonders before. They feared the waves that rolled up on the sand. Then they grew more bold, and chased them back, and ran away from the next one. They raced along the beach, played in the surf, gathered shells and shellfish, and chased each other with long, snakelike strings and ropes of kelp. The guides taught them how to bake clams and crabs, and they feasted and fattened. They were in a new world and the days went swiftly by.

They caught salmon at the mouth of the big Nestuka river, and dried them, ready to carry to their eastern home. The drift wood on the beach was plentiful, and they built great bonfires at night. The screaming sea fowls mingled their voices with those of the Indians, who watched them whirling, circling, and diving.

A month was spent in this happy life, filled with the wonders of the sea. When their stay was about over, they entertained their coast brethren with a fire dance. They obtained a variety of mineral paints from the cliffs along the coast. Many of the colors were quite brilliant and striking. They painted their bodies and faces with these in grotesque designs. Some of their artists showed a peculiar talent for animals and dragons; others for fish and fowls, and others painted geometric figures. They decorated their heads with feathers and a few sparkling stones. Large feathers were wrought into fantastic figures, for dragon wings, back fins and strutting tails, secured by belts and thongs; otherwise their bodies were naked.

Two big fires were built about eighty feet apart on the beach, and another small fire halfway between. The six coast Indians stood by the small fire, in the center, three on each side. One hundred brands were burning in each of the big fires. Unique figures were made in the sand around all of the fires.

Fifty braves approached each of the big fires at the same time out of the darkness beyond. They came up slowly, in a stooping posture, uttering a "hoo," "hoo," "hoo," "hoo," at each step, and stamping their feet in unison. As they came to the fire, each took one lighted brand, and went on with the same step

and exclamation to the big fire opposite; each column passing outside the six who stood near the center.

When the leaders reached the opposite fire, they took up the additional torch prepared for each, uttering a fiendish wail, and ran toward the center fire with both flaming torches, howling, as if their bodies were in the flames and they were suffering the agony of burning alive. Each man, as he came up, followed the action and utterances of the leaders.

They now ran between the men and the small fire in the center, bounding as high as they could, and nearly over the fire. It was a wild and weird scene, but it was savage sport. They would circle round the two big fires as closely as they could, and return past the center to the opposite one.

This was kept up for some minutes, and then they passed outside the men at the center, who picked up two brands each from the small fire and swung them wildly overhead, while the hundred howling and hideously painted savages circled closer and closer around them. At a signal they spread out between the fires, ran screaming down to the surf, plunging their firebrands into the waves, and the fire dance was over.

On their return they carried immense loads of fish, but there were many pretty shells, colored pebbles, and bits of moss among their treasures when they reached their homes that fall east of the great mountains.

Ralbo did not go with them on their return to their eastern home. He stopped in the Yamhill country. When Menraga thought it was about time for Ralbo's return from the coast, he sent Gragomet with Thera and Tlynpe to the mountains to gather berries. The braves, and the few women who tarried at the new village, were pleased with the location and the easy life it afforded. They were indifferent to the wants of the remainder of the world. They had confidence in the reign of Canifen and were happy.

When Ralbo arrived he sought for Tlynpe, but her gruff keepers told him that he could not see her, much less possess her, without the consent of his chief, Canifen. He was angry and inclined to brain the stubborn savage and take the maiden away by force.

"She is mine," demanded Ralbo, "by right of capture, love and inheritance."

"The peace council," replied Menraga, "gave everything in the Yamhill country into the keeping of Canifen."

"I will have my own from Canifen when he returns," replied Ralbo sullenly.

He went to the braves of the village and inquired for Tlynpe, but none knew where she was, or would not tell him, and he decided to hold his peace until the tyee returned. Vyterbo was sent to assist him and to do his bidding. He was provoked at her presence for a time, and refused to recognize

her services. But the old crone was persistent. Winter supplies were needed, and a hut was to be built, so he finally permitted her to toil for him. But the constant din of the slave woman's cheerless plaint was ever present and annoyed him. She was a wandering slave from some unknown tribe, and none wanted her, although her hand had wrought many cunning and beautiful, as well as useful, articles. She seemed to be the persistent follower of Canifen, and had acted as his slave for a long time from necessity. Her face and form were repulsive; and her chief characteristic was her perpetual desire to slave for some one, and to chant her sorrows as she toiled. She would wail all night for the dead for a pittance, and she loved to croon with the wretched, the sick, and helpless. No one wanted her, and there seemed little excuse for her existence; had it not been for the goodness of Ralbo's heart, she would not have had an abiding place in the new village. He was handsome, powerful, and brave, and why he permitted the companionship of this weak and drooling old woman was a mystery. It was probably for the sake of peace. Although a powerful warrior and great hunter, he was a man of peace.

When Canifen returned from the east, he brought much of his possessions with him, and also his wife Tsulva. Now Tsulva was

a typical wife for Canifen. Stoical, grasping, and destitute of sentiment as a savage woman should be. Ralbo was absent when Canifen returned, and Tlynpe was brought to Tsulva and placed in her keeping; and she was warned to keep her secure from all others, and especially from Ralbo.

Tsulva wondered at the great beauty of the young woman, and it entered her heart that Tlynpe should never be the wife of Canifen. She knew that the maiden would be given first place, and she could not endure the thought that another should be the queen of the new realm. Nor would Tsulva allow Ralbo to possess her. It would make him and his queenly wife great in the new tribe; possibly, in time, give them first place. She would keep her secure until an opportunity came to sell her to some distant tribe for a great price. It suited her to obey her master in regard to Tlynpe.

When Ralbo returned from a mountain hunt, he asked Canifen for his sweetheart. But that wily tyee reminded him that, according to their agreement when they entered the Yamhill country, they were to divide the spoils between them. Did not Gragomet hold the battle axe of Ralbo as a pledge to the fulfillment of this contract?

"You have country, give me Tlynpe," pleaded Ralbo.

"The council made me ruler of the country, you live in it as well as I," replied the tyee.

"You take Thera and give me Tlynpe," said Ralbo again.

"Thera will not sell for as much as Tlynpe," replied the tyee.

Ralbo went away thoughtful and angry. He believed that he could take Tlynpe by force, or steal her away, and go to some other tribe and be content with her alone. But he had a great place in the hearts of his companion braves among all of the tribes, and he scorned to do a mean act to discolor his fame. He had always obeyed his chiefs implicitly. Herein was his great value to them, in war and in peace, and they rung his praises every where. But he was not a diplomat, and he brooded in silence for a time.

The winter came and he saw nothing of Thera or Tlynpe. When the rains set in, he staid in his hut most of the time. This was irksome to him, he loved the chase, and the glamor of village activity. When the weather was favorable, he would go out and hunt and fish. At one time he was laid up for many days with an injured ankle, and was compelled to accept the services of the old crone, Vyterpo. When he was well he shunned her as much as possible, but now that he was helpless, she came with her mournful chanting and sat in the corner of the hut. He some-

times would tire of her presence and drive her out, then crawl about on his hands and knees to get his own food.

One rainy night his leg pained him more than usual, and he could not sleep. He thought of the pretty Tlnype and of how much he needed her now. He believed that she would be faithful to him, but his heart was sad with his sorrows. He thought over the events that had brought him to his present condition, and of the great wrong he had suffered; but he was a simple brave, and could not understand the methods of the tyees, nor how and why he should be cheated out of his own.

He permitted the miserable slave woman to wail in the corner of his hut. She seemed to give voice to his own feelings tonight. Hers was a song of sorrows, and he had sorrows also. She was a captive slave of long ago, taken while weeping over the body of a murdered mate. She had toiled for her captors and borne them children. Her sons had left her, and her daughters had been taken to slave and toil for others. She had been abandoned on the trail, had fallen with heavy burdens, been beaten with stripes, and buffeted about from tribe to tribe; but somehow she contrived to live and to chant her pitiful melody, because no one had seen fit to knock out her brains with an axe and end her plaint. Hers

was the song of the oppressed, sung by saint and savage since the dawn of history.

Vyterpo's heart was long since dead alike to good and evil. Its softness and sympathy had withered, and it was parched like the bitter fungus of a poison desert. But with all this her dimmed eyes followed Ralbo with a dreamy interest. His manly form was good to look upon, and he did not beat her as others had done, although she seemed to care little for being beaten.

Toward spring Ralbo's great stock of patience became exhausted. He became restless to see Tlynpe or to learn of her condition, and to know if she thought of him. He conceived the idea of communicating with her through Vyterpo.

Most of the time Tlynpe was kept in another part of the village. She was young, and Canifen bided his time when he should sell her for a great price, or dispose of Tsulva and make the young maiden his first wife. She was kept in a hut with her mother and some other slave women, under the careful guardianship of Gragomet and his assistants, and severe punishment with lashes was dealt out to those violating the orders of the tyee.

One night when Ralbo told Vyterpo what he wanted, she hushed her plaint and sat in silence for some minutes. It was not the thought of revenge or the hope of helping

some one that came to her mind, but Ralbo wanted something, and soon she replied in a low guttural whisper:

“Ni-ka nan-nitch,” (I’ll see).

Vyterpo was indifferent to lashes; even death would be welcome, so she did not hesitate long to enter into Ralbo’s plot. Her interest in the welfare of any human being was long ago dead, yet there was something about Ralbo that enlisted her in his cause. As she sat musing over the young man’s plot, she felt the return of some of her former stealth and strategy.

One day when the slave women were returning from their labors of gathering food and fuel, Vyterpo sat by the trail murmuring her usual sad melody. Ordinarily, they passed her by with contempt, or gave her an epithet, or a blow with the hand or whatever was convenient. Sometimes they dealt her a savage kick, and chuckled at her efforts to right herself. She heeded nothing, nor seemed inclined to take revenge in any way on her persecutors.

Today she received the usual indignities from the slave women, except Thera and Tlynpe, who never abused the wretched slave.

When the maiden came opposite, she heard these words: “Ralbo loves Tlynpe,” uttered in the sad tones of the old slave woman. She stopped short, and the piercing eyes in the old withered face told her that the infor-

mation came from Ralbo. She put her hand to her heart in surprise, but she dared not speak to her as the guard followed closely.

Tlynpe looked again at the weather-beaten face and went on as Gragomat gave the old crone a blow with a stick and bade her stay in her own part of the village. She went away but she saw enough to know that Ralbo had a place in Tlynpe's heart. Later when chanting her song to Ralbo, the story of the maiden's love and faithfulness was made known to him. This made him think seriously.

He had promised to return, and he had been turned aside by his crafty chief, trusting to some future event to give her into his possession. He would now trust no longer. He would go to Canifen at once and demand the possession of the maiden.

"I want Tlynpe," he said to the big tyee.

Canifen saw that the young warrior's request was earnest enough to be in the nature of a demand, and he was in a dilemma. He did not want to lose Ralbo from his tribe. His services were valuable, both in war and in the chase, and Tlynpe was a great beauty, of immense value, and he could not give her up. His cunning mind came to the aid of his grasping disposition.

"What you give me?" he asked.

"I have no skins, no bright stones, no plenty food to give."

"You get ten deer, ten bear, ten big salmon from the coast, and ten big grey wolf skins from the Nez Perces' country in ten moons, and I give you Tlynpe."

The shrewd old tye put the price so high and made the time of payment so short that he was confident Ralbo could not meet the demand. In this way he would still retain Tlynpe, and continue to levy tribute from the earnest young brave.

Ralbo considered the demands of his chief very heavy, but he determined to comply. He was full of energy and rarely failed in his undertaking. He would do this now for the possession of Tlynpe. Vyterpo managed, between kicks, to tell the maiden of her lover's efforts to secure her, and to bring back word to him of the maiden's hope for his success.

The young brave entered on the work with great zeal. The deer were brought in quickly, both the flesh and the skins. The bears were more difficult. Many of his heaviest arrows were used and lost. One day he came in and found some well made arrows in his old quivers hanging on the wall. They were fire seasoned, neatly feathered, and tipped with agates. He was pleased with them, because his stock of hunting arrows was nearly exhausted. He examined them carefully and said in a low voice:

"Klose." (Good.)

The old woman in the corner ignored the remark, but when Ralbo came in from the hunt the next time, there was a fat grouse dropped by the crouching figure. Then more arrows were found in the quiver, skillfully made, and carefully feathered and tipped. Some of them were so finely finished that they filled the young hunter's heart with pride. More choice birds and bits of venison were dropped at the feet of Vyterpo, and there appeared to be a new note, or a forgotten one, in the chant of the old crone.

One day Ralbo found some arrows in the quiver that surpassed any that he had ever seen. Straight as a line, tipped with long keen agates, and feathered spirally at the end, so as to give them a whirling motion and send them on their deadly mission as straight as a rifle ball. They were heavy and powerful, and Ralbo thought that, if his bow would stand the strain, that a bear would not run very far with one of these.

Soon after this he found a bow by his quiver of such strength and spring as would send his heaviest arrows through the heart of the mightiest beast of the forest. It was made to correspond with the giant frame and strength of Ralbo. It was skillfully wrought out of a yew wood, and finished on the springing ends in the natural colors of that dense and beautiful wood. The center grip was wrapped with fine and evenly cut strings of

rawhide, colored various shades, and wound around the bow with a harmonious blend and contrast, like the stripe in a carefully made rag carpet. The bow string was of selected texture, stretched and tested.

Ralbo looked at the weapon for some minutes as it hung on the wall; then he took it down carefully and carried it to the light. He looked it over and stroked it affectionately. His big heart told him that no slave could be driven to do such work. It was a work of love. The old slave woman saw something in the young hunter that awakened memories of long ago in the old dead and withered heart; of a time when her cunning hands had wrought for another.

The number of bears due on the contract were soon brought in by the valiant hunter; some of them were large, and had long been dreaded by other hunters. More than one arrowhead was found in some of the bodies.

Such good luck did the new bow bring that the hope of looking into the bright eyes of his sweetheart rose high in the young man's breast. The allowance for the old slave woman was never forgotten.

When Ralbo had completed the work of killing and delivering the ten deer and the ten bear to Canifen, including the flesh and hides, he went to the coast for the ten big salmon. The salmon were so large that two trips were necessary to carry them, even

after they were dried. It was also necessary for him to bring in some game to the coast villagers for the privilege of catching the fish. All this took time.

His last load of fish were caught and dried, and he would start with them early the next morning for the Yamhill country. The sun was going down into the sea, like a great red ball of fire, with a glittering carpet stretching across the western ocean from the sun to the shore. The young man was half sitting, half lying, in the dry sand, with his head and shoulders resting on a smooth worn log that had been left high on the beach by some great wave when the sea was angry.

Ralbo looked at the brilliant orb now touching the water and sinking deeper and deeper into it. The sea fowls were wandering up and down the coast in their homeward flight. He was thinking of Tlynpe as he watched the fowls and the setting sun. He was counting the moons when she would be his, and his eyes almost closed with the day dream of his happiness. A cooing dove, with lonely plaint, joined its voice to the harsher cries of the sea fowls. Its song was not the song of Vyterpo, yet there was a pathos in it that reminded him of the sorrowful chant of the old slave woman. It came again, sad and sweet, and the young man turned and looked for the gentle bird.

He saw, standing but a few feet away,

the beautiful Shanseppi, richly adorned, and radiant in the red glow of the setting sun, as she watched it go beneath the great ocean. She too was thinking, and with the plaintive voice of the dove sent out on the evening wind the melody of her heart. The dove song was hushed when she saw Ralbo.

The wandering maiden had come to the village that day, but she did not know that he was there. There was a superstitious reverence among the simple people along the coast that forbade their speaking to her except to answer questions, and this was done mostly by gestures; usually shake of the head when she asked for her lover. With a slight change in the dove-like voice, she asked Ralbo the usual question:

“Where is my lover?”

He did not know. He supposed that South Wind was dead, and that Shanseppi was the wife of another. He was surprised at her question and answered the same as other braves:

“I do not know.”

“Bad man take him away prisoner,” continued the maiden. “You will find him.”

“Where?” asked Ralbo.

“I don't know. You will find him?”

Ralbo supposed that she was laboring under some hallucination caused by her long continued grief. His big heart was sorry for her and he decided to humor her fancy. He told

her that he was going on a long journey into a far away country soon, and maybe he would find her lover and bring him back to her.

"When will you come back?" she asked eagerly.

"When the flowers come again," he replied. Then he thought of the meeting of the great council of Zioti Vilanci, and that, if South Wind was alive, some of the chiefs could give tidings of his whereabouts.

He told Shanseppi the time of the meeting of the council, when the summer was come again, and that when they were gathered together, South Wind might be with them. Tlynpe would then be his wife and she could make her home at their hut.

"You will find him, I will come," she said as she turned away.

She was loth to leave Ralbo, but the braves of the village saw them conversing, and they were suspicious that he might want to take her away from among their people. He was warned by the chief of the village against talking with her any more. He heeded the warning, but the next morning, as he toiled along the trail with his heavy burden, he heard the moaning dove say, "I will come." When high up in the mountains in the gloomy woods, he was resting and thinking of Tlynpe, and the voice of the bird came low and sweet, "I will come."

CHAPTER VIII.

Solemacis

Old Donsegos, chief of the Coeur d'Alenes, sat in his wigwam, situated where the mission now stands. He was old and full of years and honors. He had long been a good chief of a good people. The Coeur d'Alenes had always been noted for wisdom and peace, although terrible in war, when aroused. They were skillful hunters and fond of athletic sports. Both sexes were symmetrical and active.

A young brave entered the wigwam and stood in respectful silence, waiting for the old chief to speak. He did not wait long.

"Solemacis, my son," said the old chief, "you have earned the gratitude of our people. Your mission to Chief Balmaconn, and your return with his approval of our course, has prevented an ugly war, the results of which no one could guess."

Old men are sometimes garrulous, and often reminiscent. Donsegos was a good chief and his heart went out to the young brave who had successfully performed, a dangerous and important mission, and he continued to moralize, using the affectionate term of "my son" that he applied to all his braves.

"War, my son, is never good. We are all children of one great father, and the braves of all the tribes are brethren. Count those scalps on that totem pole and look at these arms of mine, once strong with the fire of youth. They have made that battle axe many times red on the field of battle, and yet I tell you, my son, brave men do not make war. And if brave men do not make war they should not permit others to make it.

"You want to leave us, Solemacis, my son," continued the old chief. "I wish it could be otherwise. You are young, noble and brave, and our people would one day make you chief. But you have well earned your right to dwell where you please among the tribes of Balmaconn. I grant you liberty, but the heart of Donsegos demands a pledge of you."

Solemacis stood his bow on the ground and looked inquiringly but respectfully at the old chief.

"The heart of Donsegos demands a pledge," repeated the gray-haired sage. "The hand of Solemacis must never dig up the battle axe," he added with emphasis.

The young man had been a warrior, and the conflict had thrilled him as nothing else had ever done, although he was not a blood-thirsty savage. He did not intend to evade the old chief's request when he asked:

"Would you have the hand of Solemacis be still when men of plunder ravage the land of peace?"

"When men make war for plunder," replied the old tyee, "the hand of Solemacis should use the most effective weapon of defense. If it is necessary to use the battle axe for defense, my son, use it. But there is a far more effective weapon than either the battle axe or the club, now used by some of the tribes of Balmaconn. It is called the battle hol, and is made very thin; when dexterously swung with both hands, it will sever the neck of an adversary so deftly that the head will fall while the body of the victim is still standing. Use this, my son, when you need any weapon for defense. But, Solemacis my son," he added with emphasis, "I would pledge you to what I have said. My life would have been longer and happier, were it not for that string of scalps around yon totem pole."

"I promise," said Solemacis. "But I would know more of the wonderful battle hol."

"You shall know, my son," said the old man, exhibiting one of the instruments to the young man, who examined it with much interest. A great commotion was raised in the village; women and children were running excitedly and shouting, and the few old men who were not away with the braves, came

out of their wigwams to learn the cause of the commotion.

“Moos-moos!” shouted a young lad running toward the village from the north. “Moos-moos!” The cry was taken up by the villagers as they ran about in the wildest excitement.

Some years the grass on the great range east of the Rocky mountains was short, and the buffaloes would wander over the passes in the great divide, down what is now Clark’s fork of the Columbia. On such an occasion the Indians in all the sections would turn out for a grand hunt and feast. They would lay in enough “jerked” meat to do them for many moons. The arrival of the buffaloes was always hailed with delight, and now when the lad returned from the north river country with the glad tidings that the moos-moos was come, they gave themselves up to the usual shouts in joyful anticipation of a great feast.

The shouting was not prolonged. It soon became hushed and still, and the hungry faces showed increased anxiety. There were no hunters at the village of sufficient skill or ability to hunt the buffalo. They were all away in anticipation of war, far to the south, and the coveted animals would all return across the range before the warriors returned to their homes.

The women and children and the old men had all been short of food for some time.

The outlook for the winter was sad if they failed to procure any of the buffalo meat, now so near in the north river country. Solemacis saw the rejoicing and also their corresponding distress. He was an expert hunter, but he was going away on a long journey. While he was preparing his outfit to start, the comely daughter of old Donsegos came to him and said:

“My father asks, ‘will Solemacis kill the moos-moos before he goes away.’ Our people are sick with hunger.”

The young princess had long admired the young hunter, all the more so now, because of his signal success in the daring mission to chief Balmaconn; but he was inclined to be pensive, and indifferent to her smiles.

“Tell your father to send the women to bring in the moos-moos. I will kill them.”

Quickly it went through the village that Solemacis would kill the moos-moos, and every available woman, girl and boy, and some old men soon started to the hunting ground under the direction and chieftaincy of the young princess.

Solemacis made a spear of ironwood, and pointed it with a long sharp arrowhead made of obsidian, while the remaining villagers watched him with interest from a respectful distance. He overtook the hungry caravan when they were nearing the hunting ground.

They came in sight of the buffalo herd feeding quietly on the grassy slope on the south side of the river. They had reached the farthest point of their migration for that season, and were beginning to turn about on their return journey over the range.

Solemacis selected four or five fleetfooted maidens to follow him in a rush to cut off a number of animals from the main herd. He gave them instructions how to deploy in a line so as to divide the band.

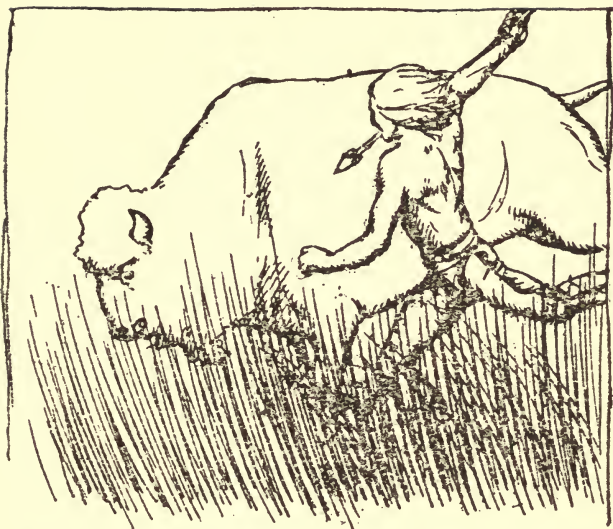
He ran quietly down the slope with the maidens following as directed. The beasts were trapped before they were aware of it, and started on a stampede, but they stampeded both ways. Some came running back toward the deploying line. The thunder of their hoofs shook the earth, and their glaring eyes were more than the maidens could stand. Some of the maidens ran like frightened rabbits back to the bushes on the hill, and some ran to the young hunter for protection. But the young princess dodged among the herd, swinging her robe and shouting in her effort to stop the mad rush of the charging beasts. But she soon learned that a scared buffalo would not turn aside for anything less formidable than a stone wall.

They continued to run by her and her heart was almost sick at the escape of so many valuable animals, when her people were so hungry. She tried an arrow on a small one,

but it ran on with the shaft sticking in its side. She was getting desperate, and when a calf came near she plunged her spear into it with all her force. Its bellow of agony added to the excitement. The mother of the calf turned to defend her offspring, and plunged blindly at the maiden, but her nimble feet were too quick, and she jumped aside.

The calf went down bellowing piteously while the frenzied mother whirled for another plunge; but the spear of Solemacis went to the heart and was quickly withdrawn, and he was in swift pursuit of another victim. Two were already down and the fleet-footed hunter soon overtook another and another. He would run alongside, then, with a quick lunge, plant the blackpointed spear between the ribs and into the heart, and the animal would drop to its knees and roll over.

He was following those that were running toward the camps. It was wild sport and he ran like the wind. The old men held their breath at the sight of the flying hunter. They never saw such speed. One after another of the running beasts was overtaken, and went down as the fatal black pointed spear reached the heart. The last one, the leader, a monster bull, turned short on his pursuer as the fatal spear entered his side. The spear shaft snapped, but hung in the wound. The hunter was now hunted. Although pant-



ing with the fatigue of the chase, he bounded from side to side with the skill of a Spanish matador.

The plunging bull finally became exhausted from loss of blood, and reeled and fell, making a full score of dead buffaloes for the food supply of the hungry Coeur d' Alene village. Solemacis was tired. He lay down to rest with his head resting on the neck of his last victim.

There was great rejoicing when the first supplies reached the village. They were brought in by the strongest boys and women, who told the wonderful story of the wild chase, and the

great slaughter of the moos-moos by Solemacis. He had returned and was again preparing for his long journey, when the returning braves began to arrive from their campaign toward the Bannock country.

They expected to find a hungry people, and they found the old men, women, and children, all feasting and rejoicing. They were glad to join in the festal jubilee. Solemacis was lifted still higher in the minds of the entire populace, and he was frequently spoken of as the most suitable man to succeed the good old chief, Donsegos. They presented him with two newly-tanned buffalo robes, and the daughter of the chief gave him a royal headgear, beautifully wrought, and plumed with the selected feathers of the white stork, sometimes found in that country. The feathers were dipped with a scarlet dye made from the roots of a plant that made a durable and brilliant color.

The braves were returning in squads, each additional group increasing the festivities of the occasion. One squad brought in a prisoner. A forbidding looking savage, disfigured by broken and peeled patches of war paint. He had been acting the part of a spy or scout, and was on the trail of Solemacis when caught.

The Coeur d' Alenes braves had guarded the route of Solemacis on his visit to Balmaconn, until he entered the enemies country, and

then had watched for his return. When he thought himself safely out of hostile territory, this captured Indian was caught on his trail, following closely, no doubt with the intention of assassinating him.

The braves who captured the Indian were angry, and were inclined to put him to death at once; but as actual hostilities had not yet broken out, it was thought best to take him to tribal headquarters and give him a trial.

He was being tried with little hope of getting off with his life. All the more so now, because of the great additional service rendered by Solemacis in killing a good winter's supply of moos-moos for the village.

The prisoner was asked for his defense, when he stood up and spoke with defiant calmness.

"I am Tansichar. I serve the people of Balmaconn, or any other people that need my bow and axe. I have fought with many people. I hunt on the trail of bad men. I know the man I follow. My body is full of wounds. Tansichar is no coward. He is not afraid to die."

His many scars bore testimony to his bravery. His mention of serving the people of Balmaconn filled the trial council with misgivings, as they wanted to keep at peace with that people. But his mention of following on the trail of bad men sealed his fate.

They would not listen to a word of reproach on the good name of Solemacis.

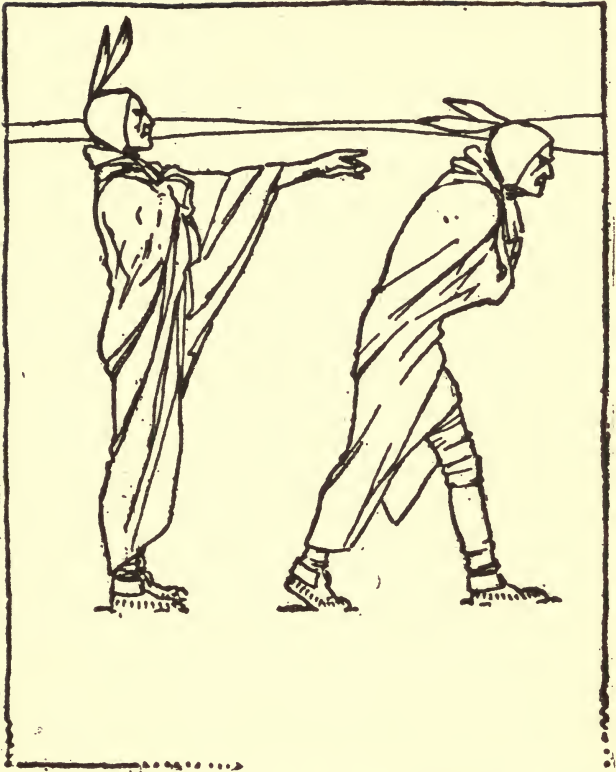
They were about to pronounce sentence when Solemacis came along as he started on his long journey. He looked over the group of assembled warriors and saw the prisoner in the center. He looked straight into the scarred face for some seconds. The prisoner saw him and returned the gaze. The council saw that the two men had met before, and they sat for a time in silence.

"Give me this man," said Solemacis, without removing his gaze from the prisoner's face. The man winced at this, but no one saw it but Solemacis.

"It is not our law to dispose of a prisoner worthy of death," replied the chief of the council. "But no request of Solemacis shall ever go unheeded by a Coeur d' Alene warrior. If you will see that he gets justice, he is yours."

"He will not trouble you again," replied Solemacis. There was no rejoicing, or demonstration of any kind, when the young man left the village, following his prisoner. For hours the two men walked in silence. When they reached the prairie country west of the Coeur'd Alene lake, they stopped, and the young man pointed to the west and said the one word:

"Klat-a-wah." (Go.)



Tansichar started at a brisk walk. He traveled straight across the prairie toward the setting sun until his dark form was a speck, and then disappeared in the distance.

When the figure of the liberated man was no longer visible, Solemacis turned sharply to the south and walked rapidly. All the tribes were now at peace, and he followed the well traveled trails.

One evening, when he had stopped for the night in the Walla Walla country, another brave came up to his campfire. It was Ralbo. He was carrying ten grey wolf skins, and had been to the Nez Perces' country for them and was returning to fulfill his contract with Canifen.

The two men greeted each other with a single word, and sat by the little campfire with the customary indifference of Indians. It would have been an affront for the new arrival to have gone away and built another fire. It was not hospitality to share the fire with the new arrival; it was a strict piece of friendly etiquette that the new comer could not well overlook.

The two men looked at each other several times during the evening. This was uncommon among strangers who met in this way. Ralbo thought the face of the other man familiar. But there were so many braves in that country whom he had met, that he held his peace.

Their course lay in the same direction, and they traveled in silence all the next day. On the second day they came to a fork in the trail. Solemacis was inclined to turn to the west, but Ralbo's trail was to the south.

“Why?” said Solemacis, pointing to the south.

“To get stone for arrow heads and knives,” replied Ralbo.

“I go with you,” said Solemacis, following his companion.

Canifen had foreseen that Ralbo would complete his contract in the time specified unless some unforeseen accident occurred, and when he started to the Nez Percez’ country for the wolf skins, Canifen asked him to go to the obsidian mountain near Harney lake and bring home some of that material. Ralbo did not like the proposition, but fortune had favored him so far, and he concluded that he would have time to make the side trip. Then, he thought Canifen could have no further excuse. Besides, he wanted his companion braves to possess the best implements in the country.

The entire trip to the Nez Perces’ country, then south to the obsidian ledge, and back to the Yamhill country was a journey of over a thousand miles; but the big heart of Ralbo was true, and no ordinary trials could turn him aside from his determination to win Tlynpe and call her his own. He was young and strong; and although other maidens had been offered him for a tithe of what he was paying for Tlynpe, he would not think of another being his wife.

The snow fell, and the travel of the two young men became very laborious. But they kept the same pace until the snow became so deep they were compelled to hunt for timber and make themselves snowshoes. The two buffalo robes came in good place during the cold nights when they slept on the snow. Solemacis shared the robes with Ralbo, but, as Ralbo was pretty well loaded with the ten big wolf skins, he carried the robes most of the time.

As they journeyed they became more intimate, and Solemacis learned the object of Ralbo's trip. When he learned that his companion was toiling to obtain Tlynpe for his wife, he took greater interest in his success. He would start earlier and travel faster and longer.

Ralbo noticed this, and was glad. In many little incidents the two braves helped each other, and they became greatly attached. They were passing through experiences that create enduring friendships.

They finally reached the obsidian ledge, a mountain of black, volcanic glass. They dug what they needed and split it into small slabs and flakes for convenience in carrying.

In working this material into proper shape, much of it is broken and spoiled, so they worked it into partial shapes and packed it into two packages, each carrying a part. It

is necessary to keep this material wet until it is wrought into finished implements, as it is very difficult to work when once it becomes dry and seasoned. The abundance of snow along the route furnished water to keep the packing around the stone sufficiently wet.

They shouldered their packs and started on the last part of their journey. Solemaci seemed as eager to push on as Ralbo, who thought his companion merely an adventurer who desired to travel to see the Yamhill country. When the snow crust became hard they traveled rapidly.

Solemacis had started with a good supply of dried buffalo meat, but this was soon used up, and they were compelled to depend on rabbits for most of their food supply.

When hurrying down a slope on their snow shoes, they came to a precipice. They did not see it until it was too late to stop or turn aside. It was a rim rock nearly twenty feet in height. Solemacis was in front and gave a warning cry as he whirled his buffalo robe in front of him to break the shock of the fall. Ralbo broke his fall as much as possible with his bundle of wolfskins. He landed squarely in a snow bank, somewhat bruised, but otherwise safe; but his companion received a shock that dazed him for several hours, and they were compelled to travel slowly for the remainder of the day.

The next day they were in the Wasco country, several miles from the Columbia river. They came to an Indian who had met with a similar accident to theirs of the day before. He had plunged over a bluff on his snow shoes. Solemacis recognized the man as Tansichar, the condemned prisoner he had released from the Coeur d' Alenes. The wounded man looked familiar to Ralbo also, but he said nothing.

The two young men consulted apart from the wounded man, who regarded their conversation with apparent unconcern; but when they came back to him he had loosened his battle axe from his belt, and held it ready to sell his life as dearly as possible. They quieted his fears.

Solemacis was inclined to leave him. Ralbo saw that the men recognized each other and that there had been difficulty between them. But it was not in his nature to leave the wounded man to die. He rigged up a sled of two long sticks and placed him on it; along with his bundle of skins. Then placing himself between the ends of the sticks, with the other end dragging on the snow, they proceeded on their way. Solemacis occasionally took a turn at dragging the sled. In this manner they traveled the remainder of the day.

At evening they came to the village of the Wasco, where they left the wounded man, giving the chief one of the buffalo robes to pay for keeping the man until he got well. It was getting warmer now and they could get along without it and, besides, it was necessary to make the remainder of the journey more rapidly.

The thin snow in the Cascade mountains made the traveling in that section both difficult and dangerous. If one of them stepped off his snowshoes, he would drop out of sight through the brittle crust.

Solemacis was hurled against a tree, and a sprained ankle as the result. He urged Ralbo to go ahead and deliver his pack and return for him, if necessary, as the time of his contract was about to expire. But Ralbo would not leave his wounded comrade. He hauled him on a primitive sled as he had hauled the man in the Wasco country. He traveled in this way for two days, when he crossed over the divide and started down the western slope. Here he traveled much faster, until the snow gave out. Then he floundered along in the slush, mud, rocks and roots. Ralbo's clothing, although made of skins, was torn and ripped, and his moccasins were cut through. His feet were cut and bruised, and continually soaked with water; but he toiled on with his double burden and his wounded friend, although repeatedly urged to leave him.

When they reached the level land Solemacis was able to walk, although his progress was slow and painful. They reached the Willamette river and pushed into it astride of a log. It was a stormy day, with a heavy downstream wind, with driving snow and rain. It was bitter cold, and their submerged legs were soon as cold and numb as if they had been the legs of dead men. They paddled and toiled, but the heavy wind and current bore them far down the stream.

They undertook to make a clear landing place, but the swirling currents drove them past and into a thicket of submerged willows. The log plunged against a large willow, then swung around and was driven under another overhanging one. Ralbo undertook to bound into this tree, but his legs were too numb, and he was dragged under it and into the turbulent current. Solemacis made an effort to help his friend and was himself dragged from the log; but he was unable to hang on to the branches. Then, hand over hand, from branch to branch, he managed to reach the shore with all his pack. Ralbo came to the surface and landed some distance below, but he had lost his package of obsidian.

It was imposible to recover it now, but when the water subsided in the spring it could be pickd up from the muddy bank, now under several feet of water.

CHAPTER IX.

Ralbo's Return

Late that night the two young men reached the village, and went at once to the hut of Canifen. He was suspicious of the stranger with Ralbo, but he admitted them and they proceeded to deliver their wares. They counted out the wolf skins, and delivered the package of obsidian, and then presented the tyee with the remaining buffalo robe.

Canifen's reign was becoming quite popular, and he was being looked upon as a great chief, all of which made him still more exacting of homage. He told the young men that the package of obsidian was quite small for two men's load. The wolf skins were counted and accepted, and were much admired by the covetous eyes of the tyee. He complacently accepted the buffalo robe, but he informed Ralbo that he was four days late on his contract.

"But I went to the mines for obsidian," urged the young man.

"You agreed to do that," replied Canifen.

"We give you buffalo robe," said Solemacis, speaking in behalf of his friend.

"You give the robe, I thank you," the tyee said complacently.

The young men retired, but Canifen was not at ease on account of the ominous look exchanged between them as they went out.

Ralbo went to his hut. His disappointment was great. He was slow to anger, but his anger gathered force as he brooded over his new defeat. The heartstrings of Solemacis twanged with rage, and he did not hesitate to advise his friend to action. They occupied Ralbo's hut that night. Vyterpo was there, older and more feeble than when he went away. The stock of provisions that the young hunter had left her was long ago exhausted, and she had subsisted as only a destitute Indian can, by digging roots and eating them.

She hushed her feeble chant when the two men came into the hut, but it was not necessary, as they slept little. A storm was brewing in the minds of both that boded no good to the reign of Canifen. When they were up the next morning it was clear and spring-like.

What will Ralbo do?" asked Solemacis of his companion as they stepped from the hut.

"I will see the tyee again," he replied.

Canifen had not rested well. His acquisitions on account of Ralbo's work had greatly increased his possessions, but Tlynpe had also increased in value. He had kept her safely guarded. Her great beauty had increased,

and he expected to receive a great price for her when the council of Zioti Vilanci should meet a few weeks later. Or he would make her his first wife at that time, and secure fame and riches by the homage paid her by the tyees from abroad. He considered her worth all the rest of his possessions, next to his right to rule over the Yamhill country. But the wily chief feared that all would not be well with Ralbo. He sent for him for the purpose of placating him in some way. The young man went to the tyee without delay. Solemacis accompanying him.

"You get five cougar skins, I will give you Semo for a wife," said Canifen.

Ralbo was usually respectful in the presence of, and when addressing, a tyee, but when he was offered another slave woman for his wife he replied firmly.

"I paid you for Tlynpe."

"You did not pay in the time of the contract."

"Then you return to Ralbo the pay that he gave you," said Solemacis.

"I deal with Ralbo. I no talk with stranger," said the tyee looking with contempt at Ralbo's companion.

"You give me Tlynpe and I give you ten cougar skins," said Ralbo.

"Tlynpe worth one hundred cougar skins."

"I give you one hundred cougar skins for her."

“You cannot get cougar skins in time for great council. Tlynpe must be for great tyees to see. Ralbo great warrior. I tell great council how great is Ralbo in war and in the chase. Send stranger away,” pointing to Solemacis. “He make trouble with our people.”

Solemacis went away and Ralbo started to follow. The flattering words of Canifen had softened his anger in a measure, but he returned for one more word.

“How much you take for Tlynpe?”

“Tlynpe for tye. You cannot buy her.”

This angered Ralbo more than Canifen expected. He lifted his axe and started toward the tye.

“I will have Tlynpe,” he said in a voice that could not be mistaken. The wily chief knew that it would be useless to fight with the powerful young man. He wanted to pacify him in some way, but he did not want to call the assistance of his guards. His cunning was at hand.

“Wait until the council meets, and if they say Ralbo shall have Tlynpe, she shall be yours.”

Ralbo hesitated. He was not fully satisfied with the proposition, but he went away to think it over. Solemacis joined him as he walked away.

“Will you have a friend in the council?”

asked Solemacis, after Ralbo had told him of Canifen's last proposition.

This question set Ralbo to thinking as nothing else had done since he had been trying to get his sweetheart from the clutches of Canifen. He shook himself mentally and physically. He saw what he had been doing, and the menial part that he had been playing for the benefit of his chief. He also saw what he might be if he applied his wits along with his great strength and valor.

Here and there along the ages, people have occasionally had their great men, both civilized and savage. Rome had her Caesar, and France her Napoleon; but all have their Ralbos and Canifens. The Ralbos have built modern empires, as well as ancient tribes, and have accepted an inferior and servile place among the Canifens, and bearing their oppression as if it had been ordered from on high. But the Ralbo of the tribe of Balmaconn was a new man in the firmament of Canifen, the tyee of the Yamhill country; and when the young adventurer, Solemacis, suggested insurrection, not only to get possession of his own Tlynpe, but to succeed to the throne of authority in the tribe of the Yamhills now in process of formation, he found a ready listener, but a cautious actor, in the renowned young warrior.

Under the reign of Canifen and with the energy of Ralbo, the Yamhill country had re-

ceived many additions from the neighboring tribes, and several small villages had been established. The prospects were that a good, substantial people would soon occupy the country. Fish, game, native herbs, and edible acorns were abundant, and capable of sustaining a dense population. There were two villages in the Chehalem valley. One of these was composed mostly of new, energetic people from some of the eastern tribes. There were also a few villages in the western part, and one or two to the north and south of the central village. The people were usually contented and happy, although they sometimes murmured at the amount of tribute required by the tyee, Canifen. He wanted to royally entertain the tyees who were to assemble at the great council of Zioti Vilanci, and to make them many presents. He was ambitious to establish himself and his tribe high among all the tyees and tribes, far and near. All that Ralbo wanted was Tlynpe, but he now saw that in order to possess her and live in the country with the noble record to which he was entitled, he must overthrow the rule of Canifen, and assume the chieftaincy himself. The two young men visited the various villages in the country and found some who were in favor of Ralbo for chief outright, and others who were willing to acknowledge him as tyee when the proper authority or power had established him as such. Sole-

macis was a plotter, or organizer, according to point of view from which his work is considered. It is an organization if it is in your interest, and it is a plot if it is against you. Hence, to Canifen, an organization in the interests of Ralbo was a plot against him. They quietly arranged to bring the insurrection to a climax immediately after the meeting of the great council, provided the council decided against Ralbo. Solemacis urged Ralbo to use the battle hol, and they instructed a few of their trusted friends in the use of it. Several were made for others in case it was deemed necessary to use them.

Solemacis worked with extra energy in the interest of his friend, but he found the work slow, and many of the braves indifferent. One day he saw Tlynpe, with the other slave women, under the guardianship of Gragomet and other attendants of the tyee, and his anger kindled still more in behalf of his comrade. He was convinced that Canifen would not give up so great a treasure to Ralbo without a struggle, and he redoubled his energy.

Canifen heard of the intrigues of Solemacis, and he set men on his trail to capture him, or even to slay him, if necessary. Ralbo and his supporters befriended Solemacis, and kept him in hiding until the hunt became general. Then they concluded it best for him to leave the valley until about

the time of the meeting of the great council. He agreed to visit some of the coast tribes, and endeavor to enlist some of the tyees that would be present at the council, in the interest of Ralbo. . . .

When the hunt for Solemacis was being pressed with vigor, an old warrior, a stranger, came to the hut of Canifen, and asked for food, and offered his services in hunting the bad Indian that was making trouble with his "cultus wah-wah" (bad talk) in the dominions of the tyee. He was given food, and told to watch the trail that came to the slave women's hut, as some of the friends of Ralbo had been trying to communicate with Tlynpe in the interest of the young man.

He was told that if he would hunt down and capture Solemacis, who was plotting against the authority of Canifen, he would be given a big reward, and be proclaimed a great warrior. The grim looks of the man indicated that he was brave enough to undertake anything, and vicious enough to perform any act of cruelty. . . .

Canifen was a crafty man on the trail himself, and he often watched about the huts containing his treasures.

The night on which Solemacis was to leave the valley, he met Ralbo at the appointed place of hiding, and they talked over the prospects of the future; as was always the case, they talked of Tlynpe. The beautiful

maiden that Ralbo first saw by the riverside was never out of his mind, whether sleeping or waking; and she was as true to him, and he knew it. He would overturn the tribal government to get his own. And he was determined that there would be no Canifens in the tribe of Ralbo.

Solemacis always spoke kindly of Tlynpe, more so than common tonight, as the two young men were to part. They had become fast friends, even to the death if need be, and they were loth to part. When about to start, Solemacis turned away his face and asked Ralbo if Tlynpe did not have a sister at one time. Ralbo was surprised at this question. He had never told his friend of Shanseppe, the sorrowing sweetheart of South Wind.

He then told the story of the capture of the maidens by Nevyo, and of their rescue; also of the battles, and of the death of South Wind. He expressed great sorrow at the death of the young tyee, who fell at the hands of Nevyo.

“Nevyo?” asked Solemacis in surprise.

Then Ralbo explained how it occurred, and he told of Shanseppe's sorrow, and of seeing her on the coast, still mourning for her dead lover. In her great sorrow she was possessed with the hallucination that her lover was still alive, and that he would return to her.

“When I see her at the coast, five moons ago, she say, ‘you will find him.’ I tell her of the meeting of the great council, when all of the big tyees will be present, may be she will hear of her lover then. She say: ‘I will come.’ ”

Then Ralbo suggested that she might be expected in the valley at any time.

“Not too soon, for Canifen would get her before Ralbo is made tyee,” said Solemacis.

“Canifen may have Shanseppi now,” replied his friend.

“I was told today that a new woman was added to the hut of the slaves.”

“I will see before I go,” said Solemacis quietly but firmly.

Ralbo protested, claiming that both maidens could be released at the same time, when they overturned the reign of the crafty tyee.

Solemacis acquiesced, but he appeared anxious to know if Tlynpe’s sister was in the clutches of Canifen.

The two men parted, Ralbo going to the hut of a friend in a neighboring village, while Solemacis after hesitating a moment, started in a circuitous route to the chief’s village. An Indian but a few feet away had been listening to their talk. He had learned of their meeting place and had secreted himself by turning up a layer of moss, and scraping away the earth and scattering it so it would not be noticed, then lying down in the cavity

and covering himself with the upturned moss.

He got up and followed Solemacis. He shadowed him until he came into the vicinity of the slave women's hut, when the young man disappeared so quickly that he could not keep on his trail. Solemacis saw the man trailing him, but he did not appear to notice him until he came into the vicinity of the hut, where several large oak and fir trees stood. It was quite dark under these, and he went from one tree to another so quickly and so deftly that the trailer was bewildered. He feared to rush after him with much speed, for fear of being waylaid and struck down from behind a tree. So he advanced from tree to tree with extreme caution.

There was an oak that made one corner of the women's hut that had interlocking branches with another oak several yards away. Solemacis climbed up into the farthest oak and kept quiet to watch the movements of the man who dogged his steps. The trailer soon gave up looking for him and went to notify Canifen. As soon as he was out of sight, Solemacis went across on the branches into the other oak, and as silently as a cat went down into the hut occupied by the women, by lifting away a bark section of the roof. He felt his way cautiously down to the root of the tree. He had a piece of rotten, phosphorescent wood, (fox fire) with which he examined the faces of the sleeping women, but he did not find the face he was looking for.

When he held the light to Tlynpe's face her eyes were wide open. She was awake, and had seen him enter through the roof. She was always expecting Ralbo, or some communication from him, and she discreetly held her peace. When she saw the face of the young man near hers, she was frightened enough to scream out, but her heart stood still and her throat refused to utter a sound.

"Where is Shanseppi?" asked the young man in a quick whisper.

The shock of the question gave her voice, and brought her faculties together, and she as quickly whispered, "I don't know. Not here," then continued, "where is Ralbo?"

"He come soon," he replied, and then as silently as he entered, he went through the roof, and up into the oak.

The coast appeared to be clear as he peered through the roof, but he knew he was running some risk. He was not afraid of any one man. He went across into the farthest oak and slid quietly to the ground, lifting his axe from his belt as his feet neared the earth. About the time his feet touched the ground, three men sprang upon him from as many trees, and tried to bear him to the ground. One of them was Canifen. He was large and powerful, but the wiry young man turned sufficiently to grasp him and lift him bodily, and would have hurled him to the earth had it not been for the two men

that were assisting him. They all tripped and the four men went down in a heap, the tyee receiving a heavy jolt as they struck the earth.

The three men quickly bound Solemacis and tied him to a tree. Then Canifen and one of the men went away to get some more cords, and to notify other friends of their important capture. The remaining guard picked up the phosphorescent piece of wood and held it to the face of the prisoner, when Solemacis recognized the savage face of Tansichar. He looked defiantly at his ugly captor, but held his peace. Words were useless now. It would be cowardly to ask for mercy.

Tansichar took his stone knife from his belt, for the purpose of torturing his prisoner, so Solemacis thought, but instead, he quickly cut the cords that bound the prisoner; then pointing toward the thicket, he said:

“Klat-a-wah.”

This was the same treatment he had received a few moons ago, when Solemacis took him from the Coeur d’ Alenes. It was not necessary to repeat the word. Prisoner and-guard were both gone when the tyee returned. He was filled with savage wrath, and ordered a vigorous hunt, with instructions to torture and burn the traitorous guard when caught.

Treachery and deception were becoming common now with both parties. Canifen would often purchase a supposed friend of Ralbo as the foment against his rule increased, while his coarse covetousness was so harsh that many of his friends deserted him and joined the cause of Ralbo.

The campaign to make Ralbo chief was progressing with vigor. The young warrior at last awoke to the importance of the kingship of the country. His bearing and demeanor became more dignified; this inspired his friends. His was not so much a thirst for power, as the desire to get possession of the real princess of that realm. He recovered the lost package of obsidian and made use of it. He worked vigorously, but quietly, in arming his friends with the battle hol, and instructing them in the use of it. Canifen was also at work among his friends, but he feared that the opposition outnumbered him in active, able-bodied men.

In order to break down the growing prejudice against himself, he decided to give a feast to all the people, and to manage it so adroitly that it would redound to his credit. He sent word to Ralbo, with the suggestion that they all join in a big feast to the glory of the tribe of Yamhill. The young warrior fell into the trap, and, at the tyee's suggestion, went with a party on a grand elk hunt. Menraga went along, for the purpose

of controlling the expedition in the interest of his chief.

The hunt was successful. They surrounded a band of elk on Three Rivers, a tributary of the big Nestucca, in a canon with precipitous walls on both sides, and narrow defiles above and below. The elk were lying down when the hunters crept up at early dawn and made the attack. They shot several down with their bows and arrows, then Ralbo and some of the most active men charged with spears. They killed eighteen out of a band of twenty-seven. One of Ralbo's best men was hurt by the escaping band of elk charging over him, and they found it necessary to care for him while the friends of Canifen got most of the meat.

Menraga sent a courier to the tyee, notifying him of the great success of the hunt, and asking that a large party be sent at once to carry in the meat and skins. Of course he sent his own friends, and secured the best part of the spoils of the chase.

Summer was coming on, and the time for the great council of Zioti Vilanci was approaching. Some of the tyees and a few braves were beginning to arrive from the neighboring tribes, when the feast to the people of Yamhill was prepared. The better part of the feast was kept for the tyees who would have a vote in the council.

The feast occurred on a sunny slope near the village, and about one fourth of a mile northeast of the falls, where the town of Lafayette now stands. The friends of Ralbo were not present in very great numbers, while the friends of Canifen were active in the management and all of the exercises. Ralbo was sullen, but he kept his feelings under full control. The few picked men that staid with him excelled in all of the athletic sports.

The last feats were in archery. A target, made of a woven bundle of grass, the size and shape of a man was set up at fifty paces. Two eyes were made in the head, and a heart-shaped piece of rawhide, the size of a man's heart and painted red, was placed on the target over the region of the heart.

Several of the archers had shot at the target for some time, without any marked skill being shown to the assembled tyees. Canifen was an archer excelled by few. He became disgusted at the poor showing his men were making before the visitors. He sent Menraga to the hut for his best bow and arrows, and when he returned the pompous tyee took them and stepped to the line, saying:

"I shoot his eye."

The arrow went into the right eye and buried itself half its length in the closely matted grass. There was great cheering, and some calls for Ralbo, who had up to the

present refused to take any part in the sport. He, being only a common warrior, did not feel inclined to shoot against the tyee. But the chief was anxious to raise himself with his own people, as well as the tyees present, and at the same time to lower the young warrior, who was a rising star in his realm. He told Ralbo to shoot. The young man went to his hut and returned with the bow and arrows that Vyterpo had made. He stepped to the line and sent the arrow into the left eye, and entirely through the target. There was great cheering for Ralbo by his friends.

The haughty tyee was nettled. He stepped to the line and drew the arrow head back until it touched the bow. It penetrated near the center of the heart, and buried itself to the feathers in the heaviest part of the dense target. There was great cheering for Canifen, but it lasted only a few seconds. The arrow of Ralbo followed quickly, and like the arrow of Douglas the Clan Alpine archer, with such precision that it split the arrow of his chief and drove them both entirely through the target.

The friends of Ralbo cheered wildly. Even the visitors were impressed with the signal victory of the young warrior. It was plain to Canifen that he had gained no prestige. He looked over the young man to see if he could not compete with and conquer him at some other athletic sport. But the stal-

wart young athlete was more than a match for his chief at anything he might propose. He concluded it was the better part of discretion to hold his peace.

The split arrow of the tyee, with Ralbo's buried three-fourths of its length in the rift, was picked up by the young warrior's friends and exhibited at the different villages in the country. It added greatly to his fame and influence, while it was beginning to look ominous for Canifen.

CHAPTER X.

Council of Zioti Viñanci.

It was the early days of June; the sky was cloudless, and the air was balmy from the scent of many wild flowers. Four hundred Indian warriors were assembled on the old battlefield of Tonvolieu, where they had struggled two years before. They were composed mostly of the remaining veterans of both the armies that were engaged in that memorable conflict. They gathered around the several campfires, and recounted the deeds and fought over the battles again, in words and gestures.

Groups of men went to the various parts of the old battlefield, and explained to each other by acts of sciomachy the part they performed in the chasing and killing in those three days of bloody strife. Evening came, and the campfires were lit for a feast to the memory of the dead who fell in that struggle. Each tribe that took part in that battle had a camp fire built, and these fires formed a complete circle, about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. In the center of this circle, a pit was dug about one hundred feet long, seven feet wide, and little more than knee deep.

The bones of the unburied dead were gathered from the distant parts of the field and piled inside the circle of campfires. A man from each tribe, painted ghostly white, carried loads of these bones from the piles and dropped them into the trench. As the bones fell and rattled over each other, these sextons uttered a piteous, "Kla-how-yum" (Farewell). This wail was repeated by the great circle of people outside the tribal campfires.

As the ghost-like sextons marched to and fro from the piles of bones to the pit, the chanting and wailing in a weird voice was kept up by the women, who had assembled outside the circle of braves. When the last of the gathered bones were deposited in the trench it was near midnight. The campfires had burned

low. The sextons marched around the pile, giving voice to hideous lamentations, which were taken up and repeated by all within hearing. This completed the last sad tribute to the dead.

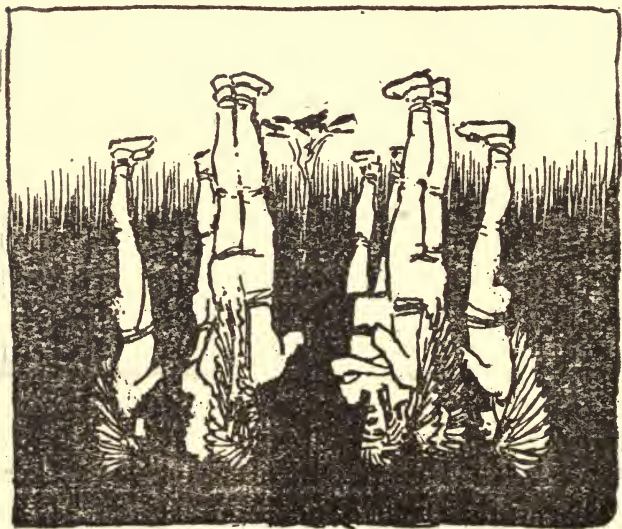
Baskets of camas and bits of elk meat were distributed among the people by the sextons, and the feast was begun and finished without any further demonstration. The noise of the feast grew fainter and fainter, until the last sound died on the night wind, and the living slept with the dead. The next day the women covered the bones with leaves, and piled over them the dirt that had been dug from the pit.

The next evening after the burial of the dead, and the feast to their memory, the council fire was lit in the center of the great horse shoe bend, and was burning brightly. Many tyees and prominent warriors were mingling and walking about the campfire over the old battlefield. Canifen was at the top notch of expectancy and anxiety concerning the council and its probable results, but the crafty tyee must hold his peace now until the council was over. He dared not let it be known that there was trouble among his people. Ralbo walked among the braves, with the bearing and dignity of a king. He was seen with Solemacis but once.

The royal guards were stationed at the entrance to the bend, one in the center and one at each side of the opening, with positive instructions from Canifen to admit none except the real tyees who were able to give the sign of royalty. The great tyees passed in, Indian file and two paces apart; Balmaconn in the lead, followed by Niandi. The dignified chiefs looked straight ahead toward the council fire. Canifen did not see a man following him who gave the royal token to the guard and passed in with the tyees, but he heard the footsteps close behind him. He had supposed he was the last man, for all the chiefs of whose presence he was aware had preceded him. Full of schemes as he was, he was greatly concerned, but his dignity prevented him from looking around.

The council fire was not large, but it was made of fir boughs and gave forth a white light. The tyees circled around the fire and chose their own positions. Canifen selected a place by the great tyeer, Balmaconn. It brought him opposite to the man who followed him into the circle. The stranger was a man of unusual appearance. He was clad in the paraphernalia of royalty, all new and clean, and it snugly fitted his symmetrical person. His magnificent plume was of white feathers tipped with scarlet. He bore the princely stamp of royalty in every feature.

It was considered a gross breach of Indian etiquette for a member of the council to gaze, or even to look, at another until the person rose to speak. But there were very few of the council that did not take one or more glances at the handsome young tyee. Canifen trusted one hasty look, and his cunning heart gave a thump. He was sure the stranger's face was that of Solemacis, the friend of Ralbo, and his presence boded no good. But he decided to hold his peace and to make challenge only when his interests were endangered by the man's presence.



Mem-a-loost Klim-in-a-whit

As they had done on retiring from the peace council two years before, they all folded their arms across their breasts and exclaimed:

“Mem-a-loost Klim-in-a-whit!” Then all were seated around the fire.

Balmaconn arose and said with solemn dignity: “This council of Zioti Vilanci is convened for the purpose of learning whether the treaty made on this spot two great suns ago has been faithfully kept, and to consider what further to do. The spirit of all of the warriors slain on the adjoining field of Tonvolieu yet tarry near, and will not take their departure for the happy hunting ground until they know that all is well with their living comrades.” He then sat down.

“The one hundred wolf skins were given to the people of Niandi,” said Canifen who rose to speak and then sat down again.

“One hundred loads of fish were given to the braves of Balmaconn,” said Niandi.

“Have all other terms of the treaty been kept?” asked Balmaconn.

“I have been tyee of the Yamhill country for two great suns; my people have all been at peace, and have had the fruits of the plain, the forest and the stream,” said Canifen. “Many braves have been added to my people. I am building up a great nation among the tribes, both east and west.”

Each proposition or statement was passed upon by a grunt of assent from the attending tyees. Other minor points of the past were touched upon, and apparently approved in the usual way. Then he spoke with more confidence and boldness, and the boastfulness common to Indian speakers:

“My warriors are among the bravest, my hunting grounds are the best. Canifen is able to maintain a great tribe of people in the Yamhill country, and he asks that the people of this country be recognized as a separate tribe.” Grunts of assent followed as he spoke slowly, then closed with the request: “And I ask that I be proclaimed the tyee of the tribe of The Yamhills.”

As he was closing the last sentence, the comely stranger arose and said:

“There is dissension among the people of the Yamhill country. Ralbo, a noted warrior, claims the right to rule in this country, by right of grant from Hassiwa. He claims Thera, the wife of Hassiwa, and their daughter Tlynpe, by the same authority. He claims the discovery of the maiden, and that he won her love and consent to be his wife. This last I know to be true. All his possessions have been appropriated by Canifen, under the pretext of an agreement with Ralbo. Then Ralbo bought Tlynpe of this tyee, paying ten deer, ten bear, ten big salmon from the coast, and ten wolf skins from the Nez

Perce country, all of which was paid to Canifen, who still holds the maiden and also all that Ralbo has paid him."

Canifen's savage face showed fury as the speech continued, and he could contain himself no longer. He rose to his feet and hissed:

"Klim-in-a-whit. (Liar.) How know you of these things, and what right have you at this royal meeting?"

"I am South Wind, the tyee of the Killamooks," said the young man with a defiant wave of the hand.

The tyees were now all on their feet.

"Impostor! The bones of South Wind, the tyee of the Killamooks, lie rotting at the bottom of yon haunted lake!" hissed the enraged Canifen.

"So thinks Canifen, who sent four braves to drop my body, weighted with stones, to its muddy bottom."

Then spake Balmaconn: "Art thou not Solemacis, the young warrior of the Coeur d' Alenes, who brought important tidings to me concerning the trouble between the Bannock and other tribes, and war was averted by your mission?"

"Most noble Balmaconn, and companion tyees, I speak truly. This Canifen, after the great battle of Tonvolieu, sent four eastern braves to deposit the fallen body of South Wind, my body as I have told you, in yonder haunted lake, in order to possess Shanseppi,

a sister of Tlynpe, whose love I had won, and who followed me on the battle field yonder. But because of the impious deeds of this tyee, and his disregard of that sacred treaty, she is now a wandering dove, seeking me among the coast tribes. The four braves sent by Canifen found me recovering from the blow received in battle, and took me a prisoner, and sold me as a slave to the Coeur d'Alenes, whose people I served faithfully until I earned my liberty and the good will of Donsegos, the chief. For the many good deeds I performed, they called me Solemacis. But noble chief, Solemacis of the Coeur d' Alenes is South Wind, the tyee of the Killamooks; and he asks this council to give to Ralbo his own. You know that he is brave. You know that he has supplied food and raiment to many people. You know that he has brought material and built huts and furnished materials for tools and arms. I know that he has toiled in the snow and cold to carry wounded and helpless men to safety. Those noble Killamook warriors, my companion braves all lie on that bloody field of Tonvolieu. You know how they fell. My people are no more and I do not want to be a tyee. All I want, all that these arms crave, is to gather into them the sad hearted wanderer, the bosom I love, and then, no other heritage than to dwell in peace within the dominion

of Ralbo, who would forever be an ally of Balmaconn and a friend of Niandi!"

"If thou art South Wind, where is thy glittering spear?" demanded Canifen, as his last ray of hope was fading and he clutched his axe.

A little maiden-like shadow across the river saw in the council fire light the princely form of South Wind and quickly crept down into the stream and swam across, then ran with a beating heart and longing eyes toward the council group. She kept as much as possible in the shadow of the tyees, uttering the subdued plaint of the dove, in a trill of expectancy. Then, wet and dripping as a mermaid, which made her charms and jewels more beautiful, just as Canifen made his demand, she ran up to South Wind and handed him his glittering spear, and then knelt down and clasped his feet in her arms.

It was Shanseppi, and though the occasion demanded stolid decorum, the heart of the young tyee leaped to his throat as his long lost love burst on his sight. He lifted her, and gently put her behind him for protection as he faced the enraged usurper, who was now completely overwhelmed with the accumulated evidence.

"Cultus Tyee." (Bad Chief,) murmured the assembled chiefs.

Balmaconn extended his left hand as a command for silence. He plainly saw the

temper of the council as he spoke with the majesty of a Chief Justice:

“For the unfair deeds of Canifen, Tlynpe shall be given to Ralbo for his wife, and he shall be made the ruler of the Yamhill country, and tyee of the tribe of The Yamhills.” He stopped and looked toward the deposed tyee as his right hand reached for his battle hol, but he had disappeared, choking with his vengeful wrath.

As the council of the Zioti Vilanci filed out toward the opening in the river bend, South Wind took two arrows from his quiver. One of these was tipped with white feathers and the other with red.

He selected the white one, and sent it from his bow toward a signal fire, in the distance. It stuck in the earth beside the fire and half a dozen young braves ran quickly to it. When they saw the color of the feathers, a great shout rang out on the early morning air.

Canifen had slipped away from the council and out of the bend. He sent Menraga to the village by the falls, where with the help of Gragomet he was to gather all his master's property and fly the country, while the would-be usurper loitered on the old battlefield for revenge.

As Balmaconn walked out on the field, the deposed tyee crept from behind a cluster of small bushes and tiptoed stealthily up behind the big chief with his battle axe ready to slay him. But Ralbo had been watching his

movements. He ran quickly toward the traitor, and deftly swung his battle hol. The head of Canifen fell from his shoulders, and his bones were added to the charnel pile on the field of Tonvolieu.

As the morning light was coming in the East, a score of jubilant feet were scurrying to every village in the country with the good news: "Ralbo is Tyee! Ralbo is Tyee!"

There was great rejoicing in all of the camps on the field and in all of the villages of the country, when they learned the decision of the council.

Even those who had been friends of Canifen were glad to acknowledge Ralbo as chief, and there was no further bloodshed, except at the village by the falls. There a fierce conflict seemed imminent.

Gragomet began at once to gather everything that he could lay hands on, where there was the shadow of an excuse for a claim. But he met with an ugly opponent in old Tansichar, who had come to despise the reign of Canifen, and who performed every act of deception and intrigue possible to thwart all his plans. Gragomet had beaten several slave women in his blind effort to serve his master. Vyterpo was beaten fatally, and Tansichar was fatally stabbed with a stone knife while defending the old slave woman.

The friends of Tansichar overpowered Gragomet, and carried that soulless savage to

the east of the village, where they bound him to a stake. Others piled fuel around him and set it on fire; but a battle axe crushed his skull before he was consumed, in order to prevent his rescue.

When Ralbo arrived at the slave women's hut, he drove the guards away, and ordered all slaves in his realm liberated at once. He gathered his own Tlynpe in his strong arms; won by love, his by inheritance, and his by purchase—long withheld from this three-fold right. He now held his own. He was a king, and he would hold her henceforth against the combined tyees of the earth. Happy maiden and happy man!

They went to see the village of which he was now the ruler, and to bring the culminating troubles to an end. They found the poor old slave woman, Vyterpo, dying. She was wailing her death song for herself and old Tansichar, the dead defender, who lay at her side, and whom she recognized as her wandering son, Nevyo! Nevyo, the trusted messenger of the coast allies, the murderer of Hassiwa, and captor of his two daughters, the attempted slayer of South Wind, and the would-be assassin who trailed him seven hundred miles, to be liberated by the man he would slay, and whom he liberated in turn by betraying his accomplice, Canifen. Struck down at last defending his old mother, whom he had left in his youth. Was he bad, or was

he unfortunate? Or both? Or did he merely run the race that was set before him?

The morning sun was above the tall tree tops when South Wind and Shanseppi arrived at the village, and found Ralbo and Tlynpe sitting by the side of the dying Vyterpo. Ralbo wanted to do something for her, but it was too late. She was passing peacefully away. She looked at the faces of the beautiful maidens and their handsome lovers, and the light of her own girlhood seemed to come back to her failing mind. She appeared to be flying back to that brief but happy period, as her spirit left its tenement of clay.

The reign of Ralbo was marked with a great advance in the condition of all of the people of his realm. South Wind was his best advisor, and their children for many years continued the peaceful and happy reign established in the beautiful valley of The Yamhill.

Characters here and there, among all peoples stand far above their associates. Were it not so, the human race would make no progress. Of such were some of these.

